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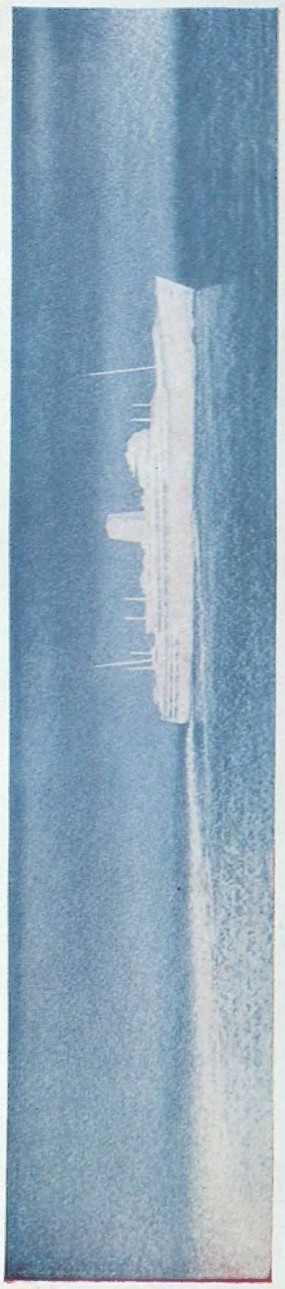

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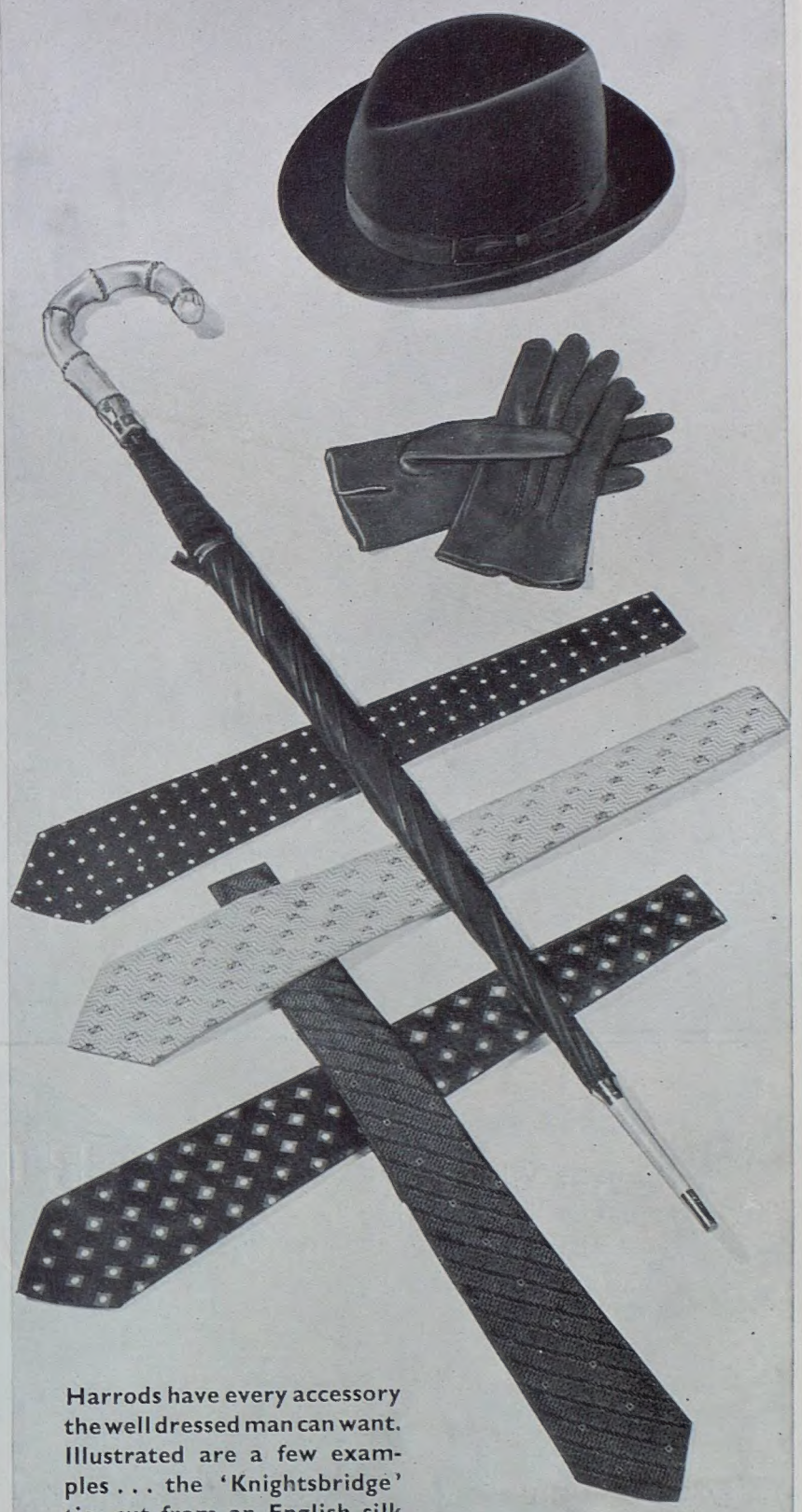

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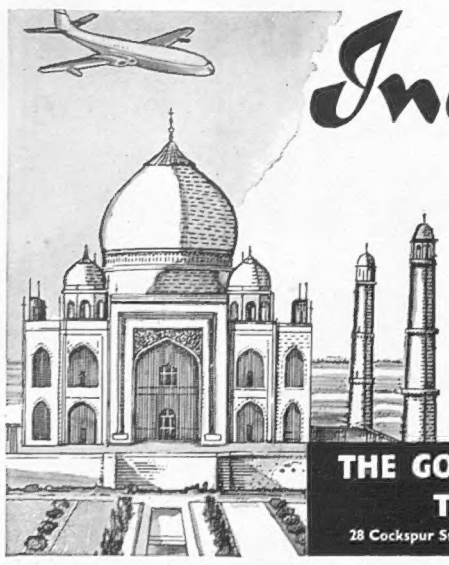

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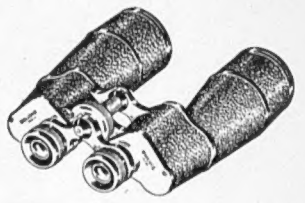

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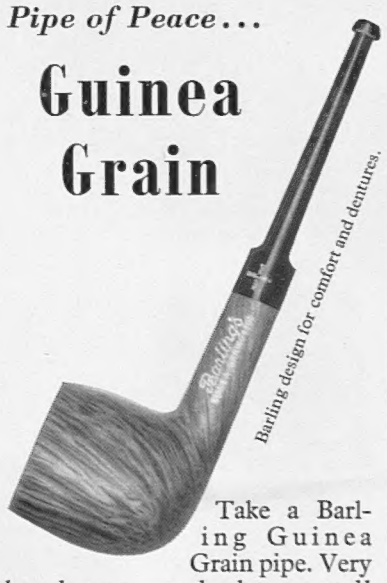

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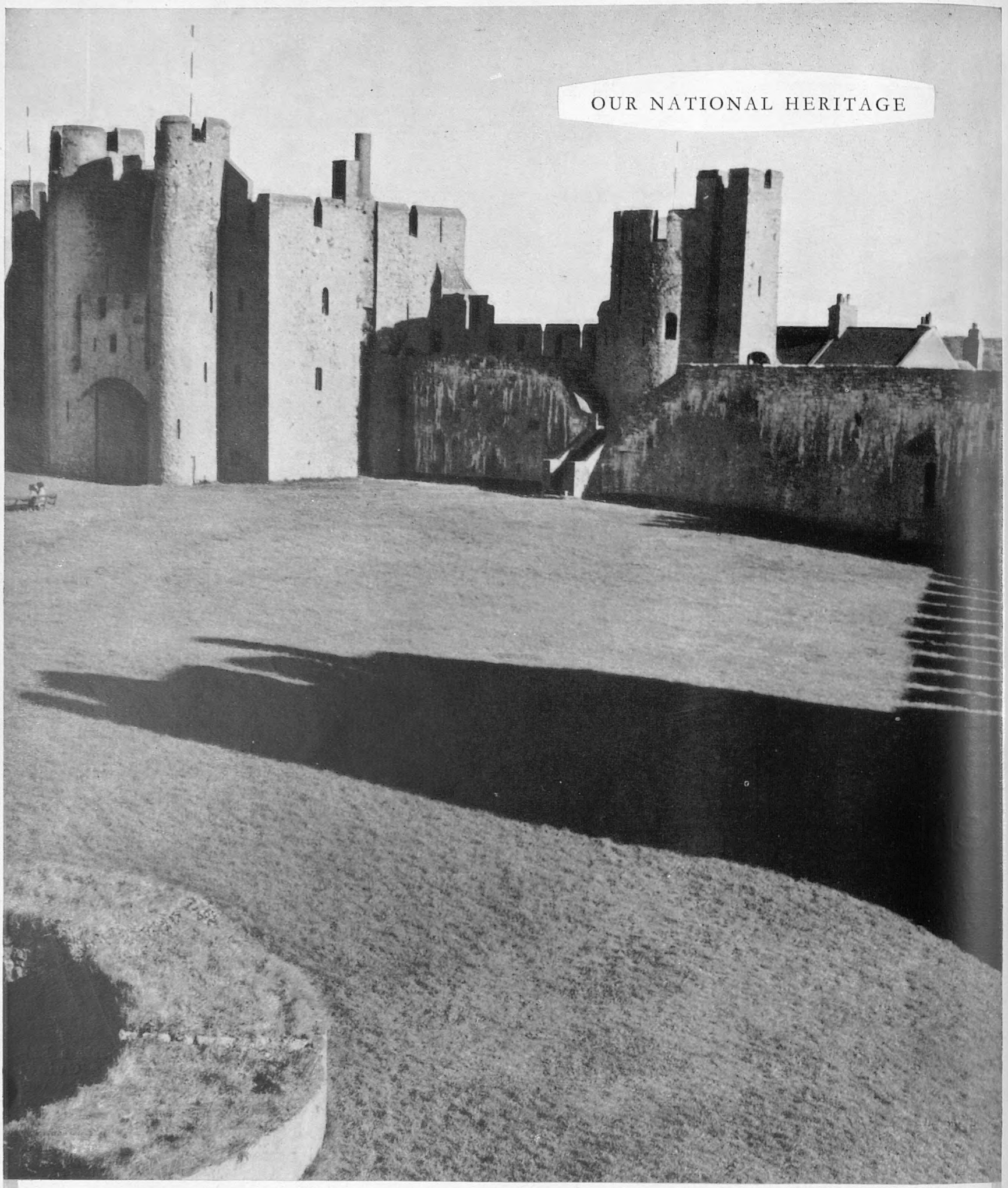

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Volume CCXXXVII No. 3085

The SPHERE, London, May 16, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE STATE VISIT OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA—A DINNER AT THE PERSIAN EMBASSY: Dressed in a frock of flame-coloured satin, the Queen arrives smiling at the Embassy in Prince's Gate, Kensington. The Duke of Edinburgh follows the Shah and the Queen. The dinner was on the second day of the visit. Other members of the Royal Family present were the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra.

Bright May sunshine lasted throughout all three days of the Shah of Persia's State visit to this country. On his first day there was a State banquet at Buckingham Palace. On the second day the Shah was the principal guest at a luncheon at Guildhall given by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London, and in the evening the Royal Family and about forty others were the Shah's guests at a dinner in the Persian Embassy. Visits to Harwell and to Bracknell New Town on the third day preceded a Gala performance of the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. With the formalities of the State visit over, the Shah went to the Persian Embassy for a few days. Speaking to members of the Foreign Press Association on Friday of last week he reaffirmed his country's adherence to the Bagdad Pact and said that Persia would never grant military bases to any country. He discounted the possibility of a revolt in Persia. On Sunday the Shah went to Chequers for luncheon with Mr. Macmillan. There he met Sir Anthony Eden, who joined in discussions on the general situation in the Middle East before luncheon. (Further pictures of the Shah in London are on pages 232-233.)

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

HIGHEST PRICE EVER PAID AT AUCTION FOR THE WORK OF A LIVING ARTIST: In Sotheby's auction rooms, in London, Mr. Peter Wilson asks for bids for Picasso's painting called "La Belle Hollandaise." It was bought for £55,000 by the Agent-General for Queensland, acting on behalf of the Queensland Art Gallery. The previous record price paid in an auction for a living artist's work was also for a Picasso. A study of a Mother and Child was sold in an auction in New York last year for about £54,000.

THE BUYER: The Agent-General for Queensland, Mr. D. J. Muir, displays "La Belle Hollandaise." He spent more than £90,000 on several well-known paintings.

THE SELLER: Major H. de V. Rubin, of Brisbane, with Miss Julie Muller, whom he is to marry, watches the sale of the Picasso, one of several pictures he sent in.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Facing All Ways—I read an article by *The Times* South-East Asian Correspondent headed "Asia Facing All-ways." The title seemed to me reasonably apt as I stumbled my way through the complexities of political controversy among the many nations concerned. Every point and division of a point of the compass of political differences seemed to be covered. So Asia is indeed in a tangle, if that were all. But how are things in Africa, in South America, in Europe, in this and in many another individual nation? Is there in any of these a single point of the compass of controversy which is not the guide and direction point to which some party is forcing his ship through the stormy seas of modern life? I do not think that in the history of our planet there were ever so many bitter differences which divide nations, and groups of nations, classes, families and former friends. We appoint commissions and working parties, we employ propaganda and conciliation machinery, we set to partners and regroup, play musical-chairs and vary the steps in this mad dance on the crater's edge, and when results are far to seek, we fall back on the comfortable conclusion that Time alone can restore restraint and sanity to human kind. There is something in that. I think we may fairly compare this world-wide tempest of controversy and hate with a local crime wave or even with a fanatical fashion for some parlour game. A reaction sets in with time. Ping-pong goes out and croquet comes back, as men and children grow tired of one fashion and return to another. There have been periods in our history when men have grown tired even of fighting, and ashamed of playing spirapol or even of garrotting. Time is a great reactor and *solvitur ambulando*. But that is not to say that Time is on our side.

Monty Pulls the String—The things men say! And yet, looking back on the incident of Monty's criticism of American policy during his TV interview, and his remarks which pained Americans and worried some of our Conservative M.P.s and caused Monty (not for the first time) to correct one of his pronouncements, I recall that among the freedoms for which the U.S. and Britain stand or fall, are prepared to fight and bleed, is freedom of speech. After all, Monty took his little holiday as a private citizen and, as such, our Premier waved him away. Is there such a freedom? Damn me, if I think so. The whole world has grown so touchy, so determined to take offence or point out errors in anything a man says in public or writes in print, that it is hardly safe to say or write that the weather is cold or Queen Anne dead. If Monty had gone to Moscow or been chosen earlier as envoy extraordinary for Britain in the Cold War, silence (always good) about America had been best. But Monty went to Moscow (and *is*) as private as you or I, and it is Monty's way to speak his mind, as you and I sometimes do, and if we get into trouble over what we say, no international crisis arises. Why shouldn't Monty, a private citizen, enjoy himself in the way he likes best when in retirement or on holiday? Freedom of speech, my foot! I thought those Americans were past masters of practising what they preach about those freedoms. Instance the case of Mrs. Luce. I think most freedoms are *bunk*. If I were to say something about my form of *religion*, which did not suit some other practitioners, the fanatics would come upon me like hornets. I should not dare. I grow tired of being stung, but Monty rather enjoys it. He is younger than I am, and tougher.

Sombre Days Ahead—Mr. Butler sounded a warning note at Brecon last week. May Day and its chill has come and gone, and the summer months ahead are full to bursting not only of "sombre work" but suggest an ugly list of possible causes for halting our productivity drive and checking the decrease in unemployment, while over the international front a cloud, larger than a man's hand and shaped like a note of interrogation, hangs in a not very blue summer sky. The Government, if it has achieved quite a lot in the domestic field, has also promised a lot more progress before autumn, and, though dark clouds often pass over without breaking, there are many of them massing in industry. As for the progress of East-West conversations, the Berlin issue and the nuclear issue, if it is good to know that the Western allies are united in the stand they will make, that very unanimity suggests that an equally hard core of unanimity will oppose them from the East. A series of Summit conferences, dreamed of by our Premier, still appear to be dissolving views to some of our allies, and it is not mere pessimism to wonder how much progress will have been made when Parliament rises for the August and autumn recess. And that being so, it may well be that while a General Election in summer is clearly "out," an October election, even in the minds of the Cabinet, is not yet equally ruled out. It is quite on the cards that by August Ministers may decide they would rather face the ills (and good) they know of than wait for others which they know not of. Not only conscience, but hard facts, can make cowards of us all.

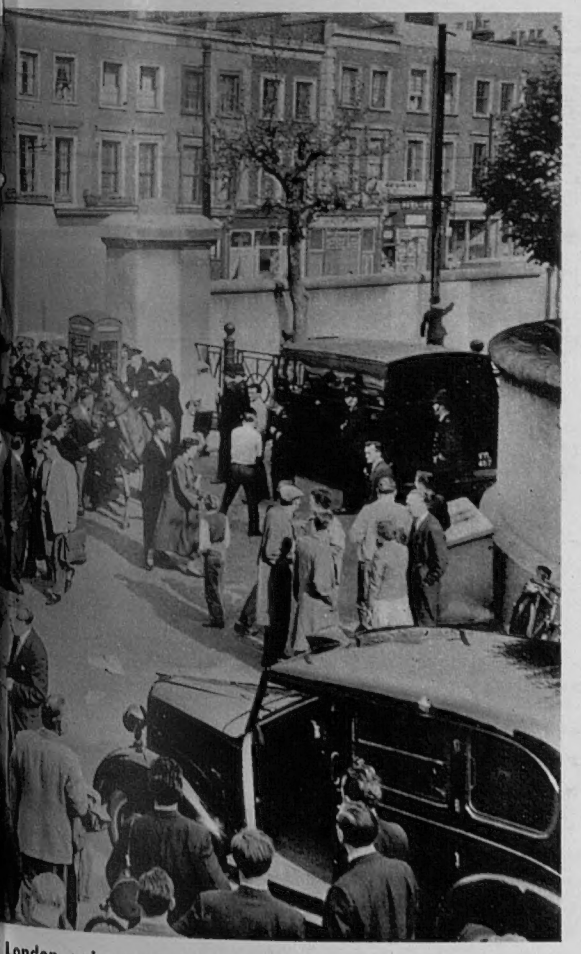
Mr. Gaitskell's Best Card—I fancy that nuclear fall-out dangers come to Mr. Gaitskell at this moment as a valuable ace from Fortune's sleeve. This is indeed a subject which exercises the mind (and fills it with anxieties) of so many voters that they hardly pause to balance pros and cons. What no considerable body of voters of whatever political colour will henceforth stand from Ministers is the slightest hint that perhaps the dangers of fall-out are exaggerated and not immediate. If the Tories are to win the next General Election, they must never pooh-pooh, but "agonisingly appraise" the right course to adopt on this hideous question. Rightly or wrongly, a majority of our countrymen are more concerned with the mortal danger to one unborn child than with the chance of defeat in total war for Britain or the free world. It may be shortsighted, but it is understandable. We believe in the dangers of contamination more than in the risk of world destruction. Our children's children are nearer to our hearts and reason than the destruction of a civilisation or a planet. Unilateral suspension of nuclear tests may be political madness but it is a likely vote-winner. Mr. Gaitskell brought his younger daughter to the May Day March in Hyde Park. If it were not that party and ideology protagonists all over the world believe that one cannot indoctrinate juveniles too young with sound political views, one might apply my caption to Miss Cressida. But she looked in the pictures every bit as sure of herself as did her father—

OUTSIDE PENTONVILLE PRISON: Crowds gather outside the Marwood approaches. He was condemned to death for According to a Home Office spokesman, prisoners in protest against Marwood's execution. A crowd of about

ONE OF THE PERENNIAL ATTRACTIONS OF LONDON IN SPRING: Passers-by look at some of the paintings hung on the fencing in the Victoria Embankment Gardens. Seated on the park bench, one woman appears to find a newspaper of more interest. It was the occasion of the twelfth annual open-air display of paintings by what are generally known as Sunday painters. Held under the auspices of the London County Council, the exhibition of many pictures of varied subjects in differing styles was opened last week in fine weather.

indeed more so. If she is a trump card for Labour, the Tories must realise that suspension of nuclear tests and the problem of fall-out are going to be an ace of trumps for Labour, if they appear to be in the smallest degree less anxious to cope with them than the Socialists. The Premier has already shown in Parliament (on April 5) that he is alive to the danger.

Statistics Cannot Lie?—Some day an enterprising M.P. with an inquiring mind will "move for papers" or at least ask the Home Secretary to provide statistics showing the amount of money and other valuables which have been stolen from banks, post offices, shops, factories or wage-carriers; say, during the past two years. He might divide his question into two halves and ask how much of the total has vanished without trace, without bringing the criminals to justice. We mercifully know that a high proportion of the criminals have ultimately been brought to justice. What may astonish us is the total amount of the loot taken (with or without retribution) and the number of the "incidents" in each of these two years compared with two consecutive years a decade ago. These statistics might result in a scientific investigation of the causes of increase and of the methods and technique now available to the thieves. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that such robberies to-day are "of daily occurrence" and it may be argued that "good digestion" of rich fare stimulates the appetite. It may also encourage the theory that those persons who are robbed could take, and long since should have taken, more care to safeguard their valuables, with two years of constant warnings drummed into their ears.



London prison as the time for the execution of Ronald the murder of a policeman in the Seven Sisters Road last year. Pentonville shouted and banged chairs against their cells in 500 people demonstrated outside and extra police were called.

"Let Them Eat Cake"—The truth of history is terribly hard to come by. Rumours and legends, contemporary political slanders and misrepresentation, are repeated from generation to generation by writers and become accepted as facts. I quoted recently the often told tale of Sheridan's sombre deathbed, among the broker's men. His own son at the time contradicted it flatly, showing that bishops and medical specialists thronged his bedside to comfort his end; but the legend never dies. And now Marie Antoinette's "*qu'ils mangent de la brioche*" ("let them eat cake, if they can't get bread") is again being aired. Some say it was first said in a previous reign. Others know for certain it was *not* the Queen but Madame de Lamballe who said it. Be sure that in the next books on the French Revolution, the foolish *mot* will still be fastened on Marie Antoinette. For alas! in the spate of new titles on old themes, evidence is not regarded as important and many such books are written by people who are not strict historians and have no conception of the requirements which judges insist on before evidence is acceptable in a serious court of law. A historian, who cares for the truth of history, must for ever sift his evidence like a high court judge, must be a master of his subject, know his authorities backward and for ever reject the unproven and unprovable. Only so can we reach the truth of history. But alas! all too many who write on historical subjects are more concerned with their sales by means of sensation than by the sheer merit of strict tests of evidence; and nowadays, when the urge to prove that we know best on most subjects and the dislike of admitting that we could possibly be wrong was never more prevalent, the truth of history is hard to come by and it is much easier to eat visionary cake than to eat one's actual words.

"Appearing in Person"—It is a costly business to go to Law. Lawyers themselves have sometimes frankly advised their friends to fall into the hands of God but not into the hands of lawyers. And because it is a costly business to employ leading counsel, people who, even against legal advice, believe that they have not received justice or have a case, sometimes decide to "appear in person." Usually it strikes terror into the hearts of the Bench and Bar when they do so. For the average amateur has no clear conception of the rules of evidence, of court procedure or the essential need for sticking to the relevant point at issue. But amateurs are improving. In recent months more than one such has won a case and praise from the Bench. And indeed the Bench invariably give a long and sympathetic rope to amateurs who stray. Lady Hoare stood the racket for six days before the Court of Appeal—a test of endurance even for an eminent Q.C.—and won her case and her costs. If she had lost, those costs might have been crippling. Without going into the merits of the case, which I did not follow day-by-day, one may fairly comment that it was a signal achievement of endurance and nerve.

Level-crossings—In all the talk about methods of easing traffic congestion and making the roads safer, very little comment is ever made about level-crossings. I suppose the cost of converting them by fly-overs or tunnels is too great for serious consideration, but their time-wasting powers and even their dangers are incontestable. Perhaps I feel strongly on the subject because I live in an area of the Southern system between Liphook and Petersfield where their inconvenience is famous. (Not that that area is exceptional in Britain.) It was here last week at Prince's Bridge that a trippers' express train crashed through the barriers. This accident will probably now result in still further precautions and longer delays. On this stretch, with its half-hourly service both ways and with innumerable extras, people whose business takes them constantly over each side of the line, may waste an enormous total of a day's working hours. If the money now being locally spent on removing the railway bridges of defunct local lines were diverted to converting some of the main-line level-crossings, it would be a boon to the neighbourhood. But it takes a serious accident to move the authorities to tidy up any form of black-spot on our road-system, and that at Prince's Bridge fortunately caused no loss of life.

Brer Rabbit—I had a visit from our local Pest Officer the other day. He came as a result of a complaint from a neighbour of mine. She had seen a rabbit cross from my wood into hers, and he asked me what steps I was taking to eliminate the plague. Rabbits were never fond of my arid and grassless acreage and I do not suppose that before the days of myxomatosis there were two breeding pairs on all my 42 acres. To-day I doubt if there be one pair and certainly not underground, for they always lived and loved on my hill *above* ground. Myxomatosis cleared the little colony from our hill *in toto*. The rabbit my neighbour saw must have been a straggler in search of a bare bellyful. Before myxomatosis, my acres were rigidly rabbit-controlled by foxes. I might have asked the Pest Officer in return what steps he and my neighbour were taking to control their foxes, which once controlled my rabbits. For, robbed of rabbit food, they are at work for the first time for years in decimating my hens. What last week was a strong-laying force of twenty, have now become but fifteen harassed survivors. Nature did very well, with energetic farmers' aid, to control rabbits for centuries. To-day, what with forestry and intensive farm campaigns against all live creatures, the countryside is as bare of wild life as Clapham; mesh and barbed-wire make country walks impossible; hunting is ruled out, and jay and magpies are lords of creation, being difficult to shoot.

THE OLD STAGER

THE SHAH OF PERSIA AT GUILDHALL: Sir Gerald Dodson, the Recorder of the City of London, reads the address of welcome to the Shah in the Library at a meeting of the Court of Common Council. The Shah sits listening with Sir Harold Gillett, the Lord Mayor. The reception at Guildhall came on the second day of the Shah's State visit. He drove from Buckingham Palace with an escort of the Household Cavalry and was entertained to luncheon by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, members of the Government and the Opposition, and representatives of the Diplomatic Corps were among the guests at the luncheon.

THE SHAH IN LONDON

Luncheon in Guildhall and a Gala Performance at Covent Garden

On right—

LUNCHEON WITH THE LORD MAYOR: At the top table from the left are: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Mrs. Geoffrey Fisher, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Shah of Persia, the Lord Mayor of London, the Lady Mayoress, the Duke of Gloucester, and Mr. R. A. Butler. In reply to a speech by the Lord Mayor the Shah spoke of a common bond between the United Kingdom and his country.

THE ROYAL GALA PERFORMANCE AT COVENT GARDEN: The Royal Family and the Shah, in the specially constructed box in the centre of the grand tier, stand with the rest of the audience before the performance at the Royal Opera House. The Government had taken the entire grand tier and half the stalls for their special guests—the Commonwealth High Commissioners, members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Cabinet, Service chiefs, and other dignitaries. The Royal Family and the Shah were received in the foyer by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Lord Drogheda, Chairman of the Opera House, and Mr. David Webster, the General Administrator. The programme, danced by the Royal Ballet, comprised an act each of *Coppélia* and *Cinderella*, separated by a reconstruction of Ashton's *Les Rendezvous*. Earlier, the Shah had visited the Harwell Atomic Research Station and Bracknell New Town.

On left—

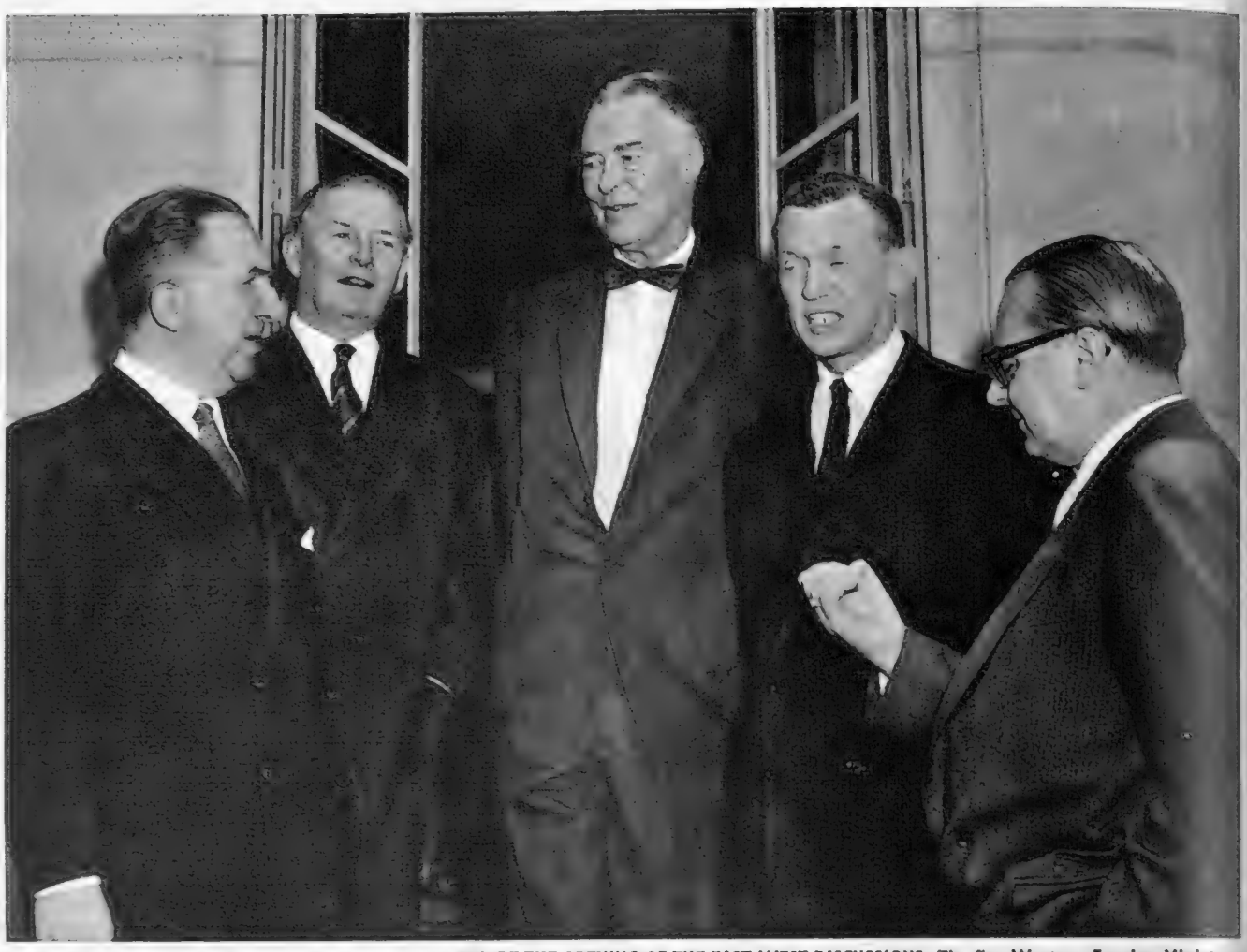
IN THE ROYAL BOX: Behind the Shah is the Duchess of Gloucester, with the Princess Royal and Princess Alexandra behind the Queen. On the Queen's left are the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret. The auditorium of the Royal Opera House was specially decorated for the gala performance in a scheme of Persian motifs, the prevailing colour being orange. The leaf-shaped covers of the programme were studded with three gold stars.

THE TALKS AT GENEVA

The Foreign Ministers Gather for the Pre-Summit Conference

The " Foothills " conference, from which it is hoped the route may be charted to the Summit, started at the beginning of this week with what was believed to be an original dispute for international parleys. Even those with long memories of the Palace of Nations, stretching back to League of Nations days, could not recall a previous occasion when there had been controversy about the shape of the conference table. Such was the first problem which had to be solved. The Western Ministers wanted a square table. This would mean that the four main Powers—America, Britain, France and Russia—would each have a side. Behind them would sit the West and East German representatives. Russia proposed a round table, so that East Germany, and presumably West Germany, would sit as equals with the Big Four. Since East Germany is not recognised by the West, the situation required delicate solution.

Before this Mr. Selwyn Lloyd on arrival in Geneva had spoken with caution of the prospects for success of the meeting. He said points of agreement between East and West must be found, and differences narrowed before progress could be made towards the Summit.



BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE EAST-WEST DISCUSSIONS: The five Western Foreign Ministers are, from left: Signor Pella (Italy); Mr. Selwyn Lloyd (United Kingdom); Mr. Christian Herter (United States); M. Couve de Murville (France) and Herr von Brentano (West Germany). They had met in Geneva at M. Couve de Murville's villa to discuss who should be represented at the conference table in the vital East-West talks.

SOVIET REPRESENTATIVES: Mr. Gromyko (extreme left), Russian Foreign Minister, arrives at Geneva. On his left, facing camera, is Mr. Malik, Soviet Ambassador in London. In right background is Mr. Smirnov, facing camera, Ambassador to West Germany.

THE CAUSE OF A PROCEDURAL PROBLEM: Herr Bolz, the East German Foreign Minister, waves to the crowd at Geneva railway station. His presence at the conference caused a procedural dispute as to whether he should sit as equal with the major Powers.

READY TO GIVE A HELPING HAND: Mr. Hammarskjöld answers questions at a Press conference. The Secretary-General of the United Nations had come to Geneva to assist if necessary in the preliminary discussions concerning the procedure to be adopted.

EXPLAINING THE BRITISH ATTITUDE: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd talks at Geneva airport. He said that Britain came to the conference with a three-fold purpose in view. If this could be achieved, he believed the way would be open for a meeting of Heads of Government.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TIBETANS SURRENDER—THE END OF THE UPRISING IN LHASA: Headed by two men carrying symbols of surrender, a long column marches out from the Potala Palace to give themselves up to the Chinese. This picture recently reached London from a Chinese Communist source. The insurgent Tibetans apparently came out in contingents such as this when the surrender had been arranged. Little is yet known definitely of the fate of many of them. According to some reports from India a number of monks have been sent to forced labour in China. Anti-Chinese operations by guerillas are also believed to be continuing in some of the Khamba districts.

THE ELECTIONS IN AUSTRIA: A woman and two boys study Socialist posters in the valley of the River Inn, near Innsbruck. The polling last Sunday ensured the continuation of the Conservative-Socialist coalition under Herr Raab's Chancellorship. As the Socialists increased their representation by four and the Conservatives lost three seats, some reshuffle of Ministers was expected. A feature of the voting was the eradication of the Communists from the Parliament. Previously they had had three members.

On left—

TURKISH-GREEK ACCORD: Mr. Karamanlis (right), the Greek Prime Minister, walks with Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Prime Minister, after being welcomed at the airport in Ankara, for the talks between their two countries. At the end of three days of discussions the two Prime Ministers issued a communique which expressed determination to work together once more in the friendship pioneered thirty years ago by Kemal Ataturk and M. Venizelos. Until the beginning of this year Turkish-Greek relations had for a long time been ruptured by the Cyprus question. The coming together of the two countries to find a solution for the island, in association with Britain, has led to the re-establishment of a valuable friendship in the eastern Mediterranean. In the Ankara talks various problems regarding the Greek and Turkish Cypriot communities were said to have been resolved.

RUSSIAN EMBASSY INCIDENT IN BURMA: With his wife gripping his arm, the Soviet Military Attaché in Burma, Colonel Mikhail Stryguine (fourth from right), walks across the tarmac at Mingaladon Airport, near Rangoon. *On left*—The Soviet Ambassador (in the left background) looks on as a Russian struggles to take a camera away from a photographer in the gardens of the Soviet Embassy in Rangoon. Another Russian, holding a chair, ducks as he is pelted with vegetables by a crowd of reporters. The trouble started when the Russians tried to prevent reporters and photographers from covering the departure from Rangoon of Colonel Stryguine, who the previous week was admitted to hospital after he had taken an overdose of sleeping pills. He is said to have tried to jump from a window. Press interviews with the Colonel were refused.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A NEW ROOF COLLAPSES IN THE UNITED STATES: Rescue workers, with the aid of heavy equipment, search for workmen after the roof of a one-storey industrial building had collapsed during construction at Westbury, New York. A steel girder in the roof is believed to have given way, causing steel and wood to cave in. There were several casualties. The structure, 200 ft. long and 150 ft. wide, was being erected to house an electronics firm.

On right—

THE LATE LORD TEMPLEWOOD: His death occurred suddenly in London last week at the age of seventy-nine. Sir Samuel Hoare, as he was known for most of his public life, was at various times Air Minister, Secretary of State for India, Foreign Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty and Home Secretary.

THE NATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS: At the Lasham Gliding Centre, in Hampshire, Mrs. Anne Burns is seated in her aircraft at the start of the Championships. In the background is her husband. Mrs. Burns beat her own women's record of 192 miles, by flying 280 miles to Bellingham, in Northumberland. Commander Goodhart set up a distance record, flying to Kinross.

A BRITISH GLIDING DISTANCE RECORD: At Lasham, Commander Nicholas Goodhart, in a *Skylark III*, is towed off the ground at the start of his flight. He landed at Portmoak, near Kinross, the headquarters of the Scottish Gliding Union. The distance of 358 miles that he covered beat the previous British gliding record for distance set up last year by Sergeant Andrew Gough of the R.A.F., who flew from Gloucestershire to the southern tip of Holland. Since he announced his destination before starting, Commander Goodhart also broke the British goal flight record. He set up the first U.K. speed record over a 500-kilometre course, taking 6 hours and 30 mins. and averaging 55 m.p.h.

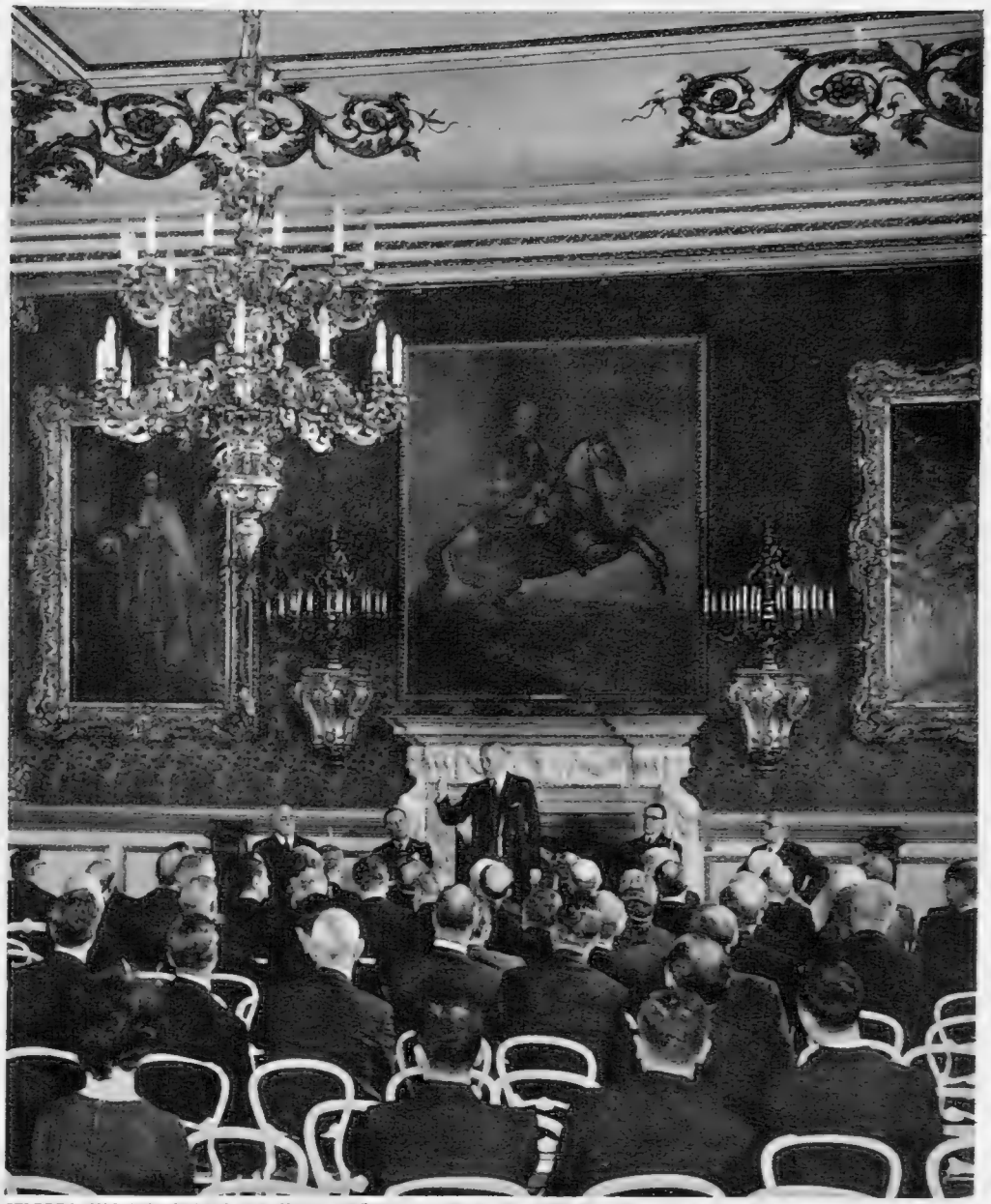
IN THE DOCKS AT CHICAGO: Eight ocean freighters, all from foreign ports, are tied up at the quays at Calumet, after reaching the American city by way of the recently opened St. Lawrence Seaway. It was reported to be the busiest period for the Chicago harbour facilities for some time. Since there were many vessels using the Seaway, there were delays of up to 36 hours for ships waiting to use the locks. At one time nearly fifty ships were held up at the Welland Canal entrance.

AN R.A.F. SEARCH IN TURKEY: On Mount Subhan, in Eastern Turkey, members of the R.A.F. mountain rescue team plod through the snow on the way to the summit. Based on the Diyarbakir military and air base in Eastern Turkey, the team reached the wreckage of the Tudor airliner which crashed on the peak on its way to the Woomera Rocket Range in Australia. All the secret equipment which the plane was carrying was carefully destroyed. Although not all the bodies of the twelve men on board the Tudor were recovered, the leader of the team said he was certain nobody had survived. A British Embassy spokesman in Ankara said the plane hit the top of Mount Subhan; had the airliner been flying two feet higher it would have safely missed the peak.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AN APPEAL FOR OXFORD'S ORIENTAL ART TREASURES: From left are Viscount Simon, Mr. John Sparrow, Warden of All Souls, Lord Justice Pearce, and Mr. W. F. Oakshott, Rector of Lincoln College. They are examining a picture of one of Oxford's Oriental art treasures at a reception in Skinners' Hall, London, given by Mr. Sparrow. At it he launched an appeal for £60,000 to provide accommodation in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, for the University's extremely valuable Oriental collection, which is at present largely kept in packing-cases.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN CRICKET CUP: In the M.C.C. Committee Room at Lord's are, from left, Lord Portal, President of the M.C.C.; Mr. John Hay Whitney, the American Ambassador in London; Mr. Yale Newman, representing the American Amateurs' Cricket Club, and General Sir Ian Jacob, President of the Lord's Taverners. The American Ambassador presented a cup for annual competition in the game of Anglo-American relations, between the American team and Lord's Taverners. The Ambassador's cup is filled with Boston tea-leaves.



CELEBRATING THE TENTH BIRTHDAY OF THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE: Presiding over the main ceremony in the Queen Anne room of St. James's Palace, in London, is Mr. Macmillan. Others on the platform are, from left, Viscount Kilmuir, the Lord Chancellor; M. Pierre Wigny, the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs; Mr. John Edwards, M.P., President of the Consultative Assembly; and Signor Benvenuti, Secretary-General of the Council of Europe. The Prime Minister spoke of the necessity for preserving the essential unity of Europe. He described the great tradition of Europe as being "the lively civilising force in which we all believe." M. Spaak, Secretary-General of NATO, at a meeting in London connected with the celebrations, said it was a misapprehension to think unilateral disarmament would lead the U.S.S.R. to do likewise.

THE BEATIFICATION OF A CANADIAN NUN: Before the main altar in the Basilica of Saint Peter in Rome the Pope kneels in prayer after the beatification of Sister Marguerite Dufrost de Layemmorais d'Youville. *On left*—Above the High Altar and surrounded by baroque ornamentation is a portrait of the Canadian nun. She was born near Montreal in 1701 and founded the Congregation of the Sisters of Charity, known as the Grey Nuns, in 1738. She died in 1771 as director of the General Hospital in Montreal. She is the first Canadian to be beatified and more than 500 pilgrims had come from Canada to attend the ceremony. St. Peter's was decorated with two tapestries depicting the two miracles which the Congregation of Sacred Rights have attributed to Sister d'Youville after a seventy-year investigation. A nun, who is said to have regained her sight after praying to Sister d'Youville, was at the ceremony.

b

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN RHODESIA: Sir Evelyn Hone reads the Oath of Allegiance, the Oath of Office and the Judicial Oath before the Chief Justice of Northern Rhodesia, Mr. G. M. Paterson, at a public ceremony in Lusaka, the capital of the Protectorate. Mr. H. L. Jones, the acting Chief Secretary, stands in uniform on the new Governor's left. In an address after the ceremony, Sir Evelyn said that he was confident that there would be support from Northern Rhodesia's many communities for his efforts to achieve good government. The Governor was formerly the Chief Secretary of Northern Rhodesia, an appointment he had held since 1957. He succeeds Sir Arthur Benson, the Governor from 1954.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN AMERICA: Giving the V-sign, he drives with President Eisenhower from the airport at Washington. On his arrival by air Sir Winston expressed his happiness at once again setting foot in the United States and said he had come "on a quiet visit to meet some of my old comrades of wartime days." On the following day he went, with President Eisenhower, to the Walter Reed Hospital to visit Mr. Dulles and General Marshall. Another day was spent at Mr. Eisenhower's estate at Gettysburg.

AMERICAN FINANCIAL EXPERTS IN LONDON: *Left*—Mr. Eugene Black (right), the President of the World Bank, is welcomed at the Pilgrims' Dinner by Lord Birkett, the President. In his speech Mr. Black expressed the opinion that the greatest cause for anxiety might soon be not the Cold War but tension caused by the problem of living standards in under-developed countries. *Right*—Mr. W. McC. Martin, Jnr., (right) Chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board, talks with Mr. Cameron Cobbold, Governor of the Bank of England. The occasion was a reception given by the Bank to delegates attending the sixth annual Monetary Conference of the American Bankers' Association, which was held in the Fishmongers' Hall.

A SPANISH PRINCE ON PARADE IN MADRID: Don Juan Carlos (right), Prince of the Asturias and grandson of the last King of Spain, jokes with a fellow Air Force cadet before marching in the colour escort through the streets of the Spanish capital. The parade, which was reviewed by General Franco, marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the end of the Civil War. Although the Press had been instructed not to mention that the Prince would be participating in the march-past, it was widely known he would be present in the ranks. At some points he was cheered and there were shouts of "Long live the monarchy!" Among the cheers, booing from Falangists was heard.

ANTI-MONARCHIST DEMONSTRATORS IN THE SPANISH CAPITAL: A party of young men carry banners with slogans against the monarchy in Madrid on the day of the Civil War anniversary parade. Most reports indicated that their feelings were not widely shared and that the appearance of Prince Juan in the military review was generally popular. The Prince is a cadet at the Spanish Air Academy.

World Affairs

NATION-BUILDING OR PHRASE-MAKING?

By JOHN CONNELL

THE speed of communication is a fact of contemporary life which we are all apt to take for granted. An idea—be it lie or truth, fallacy or great and original discovery—that is germinated in Moscow or Washington or Oxford or Paris is instantaneously transmitted to Accra, Delhi and Lusaka. On the borders of certain countries, as we know, it encounters a barrier of thought-control: if it is really indestructible, it penetrates, even if it has to go underground.

This challenging power of ideas we believe—and for the most part rightly believe—to be a triumph of the human spirit. But in the rest of the world, on this side of that much battered and besieged Iron Curtain, in the regions of relatively free communication, are we satisfied (I wonder) that our ideas go *en clair*? Are they not sometimes distorted in transmission? Is it not possible that essential groups in the signal are often omitted? And are they fully comprehended at the other end?

These questions are promoted, in part, by contemplation of the most dramatic announcement made by M. Sekou Touré and Dr. Nkrumah, the Prime Ministers of Guinea and Ghana, of their proposals to enlarge their plan for the union of their own two countries (which they announced last November) into a union, or federation, of all African States. I do not pretend to have all the answers to my tentative and rather perplexed questions; but there is obviously no doubt or hesitancy in the minds of M. Sekou Touré and Dr. Nkrumah. They have the whole project worked out to the last detail for a vast United Africa so pat and glib. It all tumbles out like an imitative child's lesson learned by rote.

Under the proposed union each member state will preserve its personality and its own internal structure. Members will decide in common on a partial or total abandonment of sovereignty. Members will each have their own diplomatic representation abroad, though one state can be represented by another when convenient. Individuals will possess double citizenship—of their own country and of the union—and no visas will be necessary for travel within the union. There will be a common defence policy, but each state will have its own army. Economic policy will be co-ordinated, and there will be a single bank of issue.

A general common policy will be based on the maintenance of relations with all countries of the world which are not hostile to African interests, and on helping African countries under foreign domination to achieve independence. The union will have a red, yellow and green flag, with as many black stars as there are members. Membership will be open to all African States that have gained or are in the process of gaining independence.

On the plane of day-to-day political manœuvre and stress, it may be perfectly correct to explain this enormous and far-reaching project—as it has been explained in Paris—simply as a further attack on the French community in its present form, and on the special relations of inter-dependence between France and the eleven African States, which in last September's referendum chose (unlike Guinea) to remain connected with France. It would be possible to interpret it (though Dr. Nkrumah has hotly contradicted such an interpretation) as a move against the Commonwealth, a calculated effort to disrupt its delicately balanced structure of unity in diversity.

There are, I think, other deeper, less immediate applications which are even more disturbing. Are proposals as huge and far-reaching as these really as easy to formulate and translate into action as this announcement makes them seem? The ideas underlying the project are not especially novel or arresting—except in their application to Africa. They have all been lifted straight out of any elementary dictionary of political thought, any ordinary popular textbook. A second-year undergraduate at the London School of Economics, bidden to write an essay on the structure of a federal union, could stroll across Kingsway in the lunch-hour, buy half a dozen paper-backs to assist him in his task, and produce a "plan of union" very like that of the two Prime Ministers. His tutor, if of an academic turn of mind, would undoubtedly excise the flag, as a romantic and unnecessary flourish.

Hitherto, however, civilised societies have not emerged and evolved with such surprising ease and rapidity. In Western Europe, in North America and in Australasia, where most of the hard, creative work of building nations, and that of forging larger unities out of loosely associated groups of nations, has been accomplished, we regard it as a slow, arduous and difficult process. Men have striven and suffered, sacrificed themselves and those they love, gone with courage and dignity to the gallows, the stake or the scaffold, simply in furtherance of a political idea.

We are accustomed to these travails. Our history is rooted in them. In so far as we are political beings at all they are part of ourselves. If I am able to summon up the courage to fight for a cause to which I am committed it is because in the history of my own land and people, I am aware of the example of Montrose. If I can expound a complicated political argument it is because Burke or Disraeli did it much better before me.

CHIEF ADVOCATES OF A UNION OF AFRICAN STATES: M. Sekou Touré (left), the Prime Minister of Guinea, walks with Dr. Nkrumah, Premier of Ghana, at Accra Airport. The picture was taken last November when they announced plans for the union of their countries. They now propose a larger African Union. This decision was reached last week at Conakry, the capital of Guinea.

The germination of political ideas of any abiding significance, so our experience in our society teaches us, has been slow and deliberate: they have taken time to ripen and to spread. Their maturing, unlike that of wine, has not been sheltered or secret—but in the open, in the fierce and bitter clash of debate, on the floor of the House of Commons, sometimes in face of angry and brutally prejudiced judges, sometimes under the torturer's lash and rack, within a yard or two of the executioner's block. We have known a truth, that is decided in one generation, fight for its existence across half a century and then be placidly accepted by those who hardly understand what all the bother was about but know merely and almost by instinct that there were battles.

The meaning of ideas established and transmitted by such long labour is, we believe, a real meaning. What, with this tradition in our minds and in our hearts, are we to make of the astonishing facility with which nowadays the African—or the Asian, for that matter—political leader takes up and expands both the principles and the technique of political processes which we have always thought capable only of slow and painful growth?

What, I wonder, are the real roots of the whole grandiose project put forward by M. Sekou Touré and Dr. Nkrumah? Has it any deep meaning at all? Have the two Prime Ministers any fundamental comprehension of the complications, the intellectual subtlety and durability of the ideas which they bandy about so cheerfully and so easily?

It is possible that the speed with which ideas are communicated in our present age is accompanied and complemented by an equal rapidity in absorbing them; but there is a good deal of evidence to show—not only in the field of politics—that this is not, in fact, the case, and that a great deal which passes for knowledge is a superficial veneer of transient information, as quickly lost as acquired. Political ideas in particular have spread across the world at breathtaking speed, and they have not been permitted to remain academic for any length of time at all. There is clearly about them an explosive quality; they cannot be confined to the library and the classroom; once they are comprehended, however imperfectly, the desire to put them into practice becomes inordinate and irrepressible. The optimistic, progressive, liberal-minded reformer accepts and rejoices in this lack of breathing-space between the discovery of a political philosophy and the attempt to put it into action. He who utters a hint of caution or delay is dismissed at best as timid and reactionary, and at worst, as an inveterate colonial-minded oppressor.

It is possible, I admit, though it must have been latent and undiscovered until very recently, that Asians and Africans possess an aptitude in political, social and administrative techniques, a talent for the complex but essential business of living together in harmony and equity, which it has taken Western Europe societies centuries to acquire, and then far from perfectly. If this is so, then there is no need to worry. Ghana is not, as its critics sometimes allege, a preposterous and (to European eyes) slightly sinister façade, encrusted with fantastic parodies of European institutions and ideas, and masking not very adequately a primitive and savage society, the sudden break-up of whose tribal structure has proved morally and spiritually destructive to the individual and to the group. I wish that I could accept this agreeable assessment. I wish I could believe that this process of the awakening of Africa had depth and stability as well as haste and showy glitter about it.

Mrs. Elspeth Huxley, an observer and commentator on the African scene whose experience and knowledge are almost unrivalled, has lately given an account of the way in which the slogan "one man, one vote" is now used throughout Central Africa as a kind of "Heil Hitler!" greeting by the literate and the semi-literate, and at mass meeting becomes an incantation on the lips of thousands who speak otherwise no English at all and have no glimmering of an idea of what those four words mean, or of all the long years of political—as well as moral and social—evolution in England which gave them reality, depth and force.

For in the end—this is what the African nationalist leader has yet to discover—the rolling utterance of fine phrases is not enough. It is intoxicating to run your own flag up above the government house or the residency which once seemed to you the very citadel and symbol of that power in the hands of your colonialist oppressors which you hated and resented. It is splendidly satisfying to deploy all the batteries of their own political vocabulary against them. But none of this is enough. Nations, federations, great unions of states of different cultures, inherited values and temperaments, are not built simply by saying so. There are certain long, difficult processes of education, of the mind and the spirit, which have to be endured, assimilated and understood. Of the desire for that sort of education there is grimly little evidence in much of Africa to-day.

AT WORK IN THE CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY: Mr. A. W. Lucas, the Chief Restorer of the Department, examines Uccello's painting of "St. George and the Dragon" for signs of deterioration. The painting by the fifteenth-century Italian artist was acquired for £125,000.

THE DELICATE TASK OF RESTORATION: Mr. John Hargreave, one of the assistant restorers at the National Gallery, works on a detail of Sebastiano del Piombo's "Holy Family." Major repairs have been made on the panel.

THE RESTORATION OF PAINTINGS

Work Carried Out in the Conservation Department of the National Gallery

Behind the scenes at the National Gallery in London much work is carried on continuously in the maintenance of the valuable paintings which are hung there. Among pictures which have been restored recently or are in the process of being cleaned are those illustrated on these two pages. During the work of removing the dirt and old varnishes—usually discoloured with age so that they become a yellowish brown, thus destroying the colour values of the painting underneath—new detail is sometimes discovered as well as the true, clear and bright colours the artist originally used.

An illustration of this process of discovery is shown in the large altarpiece by the eighteenth-century Italian artist, Giovanni Battista Pittoni. When this picture, sometimes called "The Rest on the Flight into Egypt," but more likely a Nativity scene, was reproduced in the Christmas Number of THE SPHERE last year, the area above the globe in the centre background showed an ochreous and thundery cloud. During the restoration work which is being carried out by Mr. A. W. Lucas, the Chief Restorer of the Conservation Department, this area of over-painting was taken off. When the accretion was removed an additional figure was revealed, of an august God the Father leaning over the globe and blessing the Infant Jesus.

Some years ago, an example of this kind of discovery was made in the cleaning of the background of the famous picture of "The Magdalen Reading." The fragment of the altarpiece by Rogier van der Weyden in its uncleaned state merely showed a female seated figure against a dim, shadowy background. When cleaned and the over-painting of the whole background had been removed, another figure—probably St. Joseph in a blue mantle—was found and also a window showing a landscape of a river flowing between green banks. The restoration showed clearly that the painting was a fragment of a much larger work. Not only was the painting seen to be completely different from what had been supposed, but even the detail which had been visible was completely altered.

It is these changes in colour values which have often proved the most startling to the uninitiated and casual visitor to the Gallery. Accustomed to the sombre and dull colours of paintings obscured by thick layers of dirt and badly-aged varnish, they have sometimes felt that a great masterpiece has been irrevocably spoilt. This is far from being the case. The restoration work in the Conservation Department is carried out with meticulous care—over-painting is only removed if a certain case can be made out that it is by another hand than that of the original artist.

Much of the Conservation Department's work, however, is concerned with the more humdrum tasks of preserving the pictures from the deterioration caused by age and weather conditions. Contractions and expansions of the panels on which the paint is applied cause the paint to crack and blister, and this has to be restored to prevent the paint flaking off. When panels become rotten, they are cut away and the skin of paint is transferred to another base.

On left—

IN THE CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT: Restorers work on various pictures before they are hung in the public galleries. After cleaning, new backgrounds are sometimes discovered, fresh detail is revealed, and the colours appear much clearer and brighter.

STAGES IN THE RESTORATION OF A PICTURE: Giovanni Battista Pittoni's large painting, generally regarded as a Nativity, but sometimes called "The Rest on the Flight into Egypt," is seen during the work of restoration. *Right*—Mr. A. W. Lucas is engaged in adding the delicate final touches during the last stages of the restoration work. During the cleaning of this large altarpiece, painted in the eighteenth century, the august figure (top centre) of God the Father was revealed. Previously the area between the angel (top left) and the cherubs depicted dark and thundery clouds. Acquired last year, the painting became the National Gallery's first important Italian altarpiece of the eighteenth century. Measuring 87½ ins. by 61½ ins., the painting, formerly the property of the Earl of Ancaster, was bought for £7,200. The altarpiece has been shown in several exhibitions, including the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of 1954-55.

CLEANING A RECENT ACQUISITION: Mr. Lucas touches-up the detail of the lace-work in Jakob Jordaen's "Double Portrait," acquired from the executors of the late Duke of Devonshire's estate. The restored figure of the woman stands out so as to seem dissociated from the uncleaned background. *Right*—The "Double Portrait," after it has been cleaned, shows a wealth of detail. The painting displays the Flemish seventeenth-century painter's mastery of contemporary portraits; his figures are revealing and highly expressive. At the time he was often considered the greatest painter after Rubens, and through the latter artist obtained the patronage of the Kings of Spain and Sweden. The Princess Amelia of Orange commissioned what is perhaps his masterpiece, "The Triumph of Prince Frederick Henry of Nassau," as mural decorations for her house near The Hague. He was born in Antwerp at the end of the sixteenth century and died of the plague in the same city in 1678. Much of the work of this prolific artist, depicting in the main mythological subjects, can be found throughout Belgium.

PORPOISE HUNTING

Catching Recruits for the Marineland Aquatic Circus in Florida

In the days of Queen Elizabeth the porpoise, served with breadcrumbs and vinegar, was counted a fine delicacy and appeared on the noble tables of the land. Later it was discovered that the oil extracted from the porpoise was valuable and it was hunted for this purpose. The porpoise, which is a mammal, is found round the coasts of Great Britain, Europe and America. It is between 5 and 8 ft. in length and may weigh up to 500 lb. The porpoise is gregarious, large numbers often swimming in file so that their backs, appearing above the water, resemble a great sea serpent. In fine weather they are to be seen leaping out of the water with great acrobatic prowess.

The Aquatic Circus of Marineland Studios, in Florida, makes use of this last attribute of the porpoise. The training is easy; it is the catching of the mammal that is difficult. It is impossible to chase and catch a porpoise, which can swim at speeds of up to 35 m.p.h. The Marine Studios have evolved a hunting technique to outwit it. A "mother" ship and two small boats which are equipped with outboard motors are used in the inlets of the Florida coast. When a school is sighted, a large net, with small buoys round its edges, is divided equally between the two small boats. The boats, each with two hunters on board, start in opposite directions in a circular movement, paying out the net behind them. The porpoise are encircled by the net and gradually it is pulled in so that they are ensnared It is important here to make sure that they do not become too entangled in the net. The porpoise breathes air and if submerged for too long will drown.

The catch is transferred from the boats to the "mother" ship, which is specially fitted-out to carry live marine specimens. At the quayside trucks are waiting with soaked mattresses on which the porpoises are laid. On the journey to Marineland Studios they are continually watered to keep the skins moist. Only one kind of porpoise is employed in the circus itself—the "grey bottlenose." These can be trained to do simple tricks in a matter of weeks. The others, and the less "intelligent" of the "grey bottlenose" type, are placed in the aquarium. The circus has attracted large crowds.

On right—

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE: A cushion of foam rubber is placed under the head of the porpoise in the bottom of the boat. This is to save it from killing itself by banging its head in excitement against the woodwork.

TRAPPING THE PORPOISE: In an inlet on the Florida coast two hunters secure one end of the net to land. The other end is then dragged so that the porpoise is forced toward the land.

CAUGHT: Entangled in the net, a porpoise lies at the bottom of one of the small hunting boats. It will be transferred to the "mother" ship, which is built to carry live marine specimens.

TAKING THE PORPOISE ON BOARD: The four hunters in two boats work together to haul the live porpoise on board. It may weigh as much as 500 lb.

TWO PORPOISES ON BOARD: The head of a second porpoise lies underneath the dorsal fin of the first. To catch the porpoise it is necessary to outwit it, for the hunters cannot overtake the mammal, which can swim at 35 m.p.h.

TOO YOUNG FOR THE CIRCUS: A hunter throws a young specimen back into the water so that it can grow in its natural surroundings. Only one species is trained for the circus and only the most intelligent selected.

AT THE MARINELAND AQUATIC CIRCUS: After the performance a porpoise is given a piece of fish by its handler. *On right*—A trained porpoise bursts through the paper of a hoop. The mammals learn simple routines in a few weeks. The circus has proved a paying proposition.

SURRENDER IN PANAMA

Members of the "Invasion" Force Give Themselves up at Nombre de Dios

With the surrender of the invaders of Panama, mainly from Cuba and apparently inspired by Dr. Castro's crusading zeal against Latin-American dictatorships, it seemed that another episode in the politics of Panama had ended. Traditionally a matter of feuding between the powerful families of Panama, politics in the country have for some time been a matter of a new President on average every other year. It is doubtful whether the episode would have received as much attention in the world Press except for the brief incarceration of a British ballerina.

According to the rebels, they surrendered because of an appeal to do so by Dr. Castro, the Cuban Premier. The prompt intervention of the Organisation of American States was another factor; it was the fifth instance in eight years when O.A.S. investigation ended invasion attempts and possible warfare. But, nevertheless, the new winds of political theory blowing through the Caribbean, inspired by the comparatively liberal ideas of Dr. Castro and President Betancourt of Venezuela, are liable to cause fresh storm centres in Latin-American countries governed by dictatorships.

END OF THE "INVASION" OF PANAMA: On the shore at Nombre de Dios, members of the insurgent force clamber on board a landing-craft, escorted by Panama warships. Over eighty men surrendered and were taken to Panama City.

IN PANAMA CITY: Señor Fernando Lobo (right), Chairman of the Investigating Committee of the Organisation of American States, talks with members of the "invasion" force. Señor Lobo, the Brazilian Ambassador to O.A.S., said that he had found no evidence of active participation by other Governments.

LEAVING NOMBRE DE DIOS: After their surrender to Panama Government forces the insurgents board a landing-craft. The girl is a native of Nombre de Dios who elected to accompany the rebels (reported to have come mainly from Cuba) to the prison in Panama City. There were reports that the invaders had struck up a number of friendships with Panamanians. In view of their prompt surrender, which they claimed was the result of an appeal made to them by Dr. Fidel Castro, the Cuban Premier, it was reported that they were likely to receive light sentences.

On left—

THE TROOPS MOVE IN: Panamanian forces, covered by guns, enter the town of Nombre de Dios, following the abandonment of the area by the invaders. Most of the rebels surrendered, but there were reports that a small group had disappeared into the jungle. An international naval force was authorised by the Council of O.A.S. to halt any vessels bringing fresh forces for an invasion of Panama. The U.S., Colombia and Cuba offered ships.

A MISSILE WITH A MAN IN IT: On the tarmac of Edwards Air Base, situated in the Californian desert, is the jet-black, sleek, North American X-15 rocket-propelled research aircraft. Most of the fuselage behind the tiny cockpit in the nose to the rocket engine in the rear is taken up with liquid fuel tanks. *Left*—The X-15 is carried under the wing of the massive B-52A mother aircraft. It is now engaged in an intensive programme of testing.

THE WAY INTO SPACE

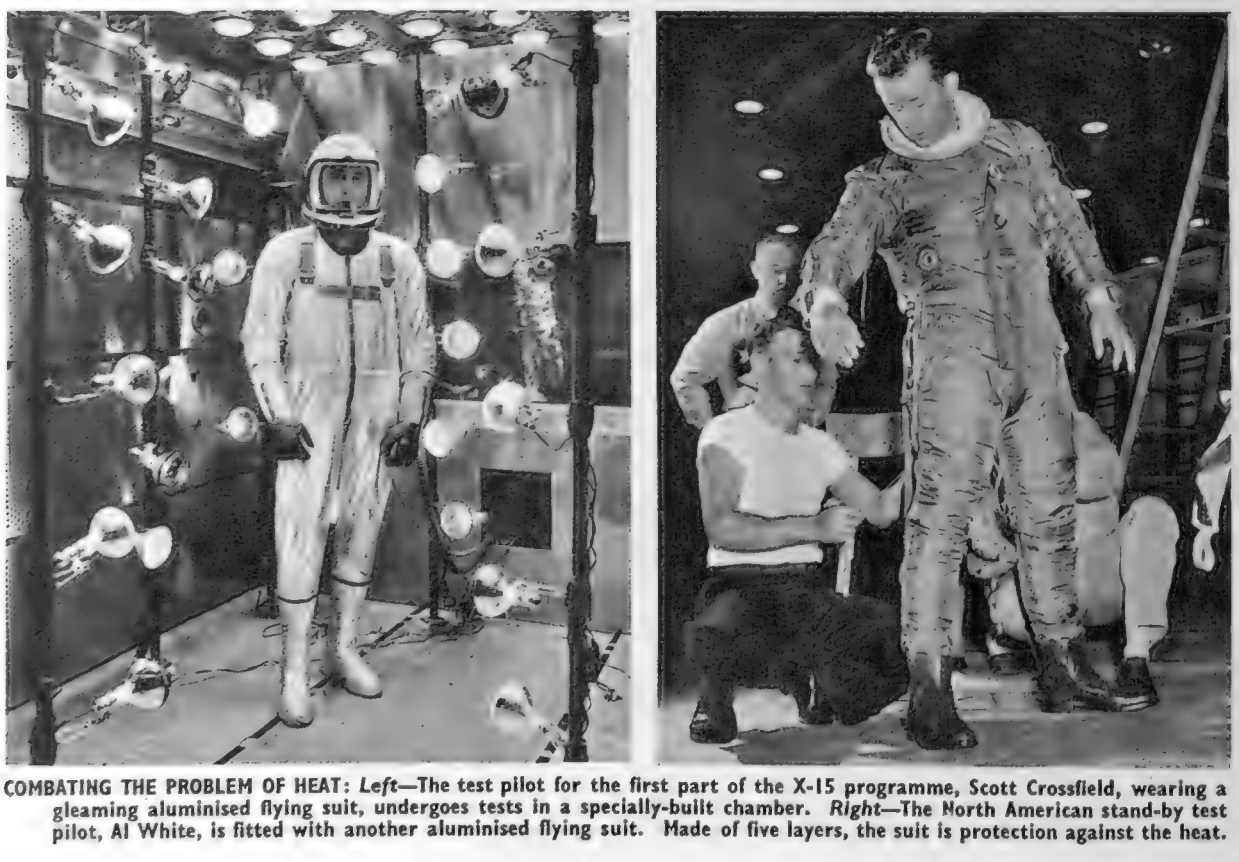
Testing the American X-15 Rocket Research Aircraft

Painted jet black and with a long needle-shaped nose, the X-15 rocket research aircraft stands only 13 ft. high, although it is 50 ft. long. At the rear are the stubby thick wings and the rocket engines. Between the tiny cockpit and the tail fins, the fuselage contains the large fuel tanks for the liquid oxygen and anhydrous ammonia. The craft, designed to fly ultimately at over Mach 7 and a height of at least 528,000 ft., has been built by North American for a research programme into the problems of heating, stability and re-entry into the earth's atmosphere.

This means something like a speed of 4,500 m.p.h. and the ability to reach a height of 100 miles (on the fringe of the earth's atmosphere). In flight, parts of the aircraft are expected to glow red-hot, so that the aircraft will resemble a fiery poker as it plunges back towards earth. In order to combat this, the X-15 has been constructed of specially developed nickel alloy, the pilot's cockpit is insulated with 2-in.-thick layers of glass fibre, and the tiny slit windows are made of double-layer heat-resistant glass. The pilot wears a unique five-layer, aluminised flying-suit.

If all goes according to plan, the X-15 will enable man to fly in regions into which he has never before entered, and the United States space programme will be one more step nearer success. For of all the problems attendant on putting a man into space, one of the most pressing is that of the heat generated when the craft encounters the immense friction of re-entering the earth's atmosphere.

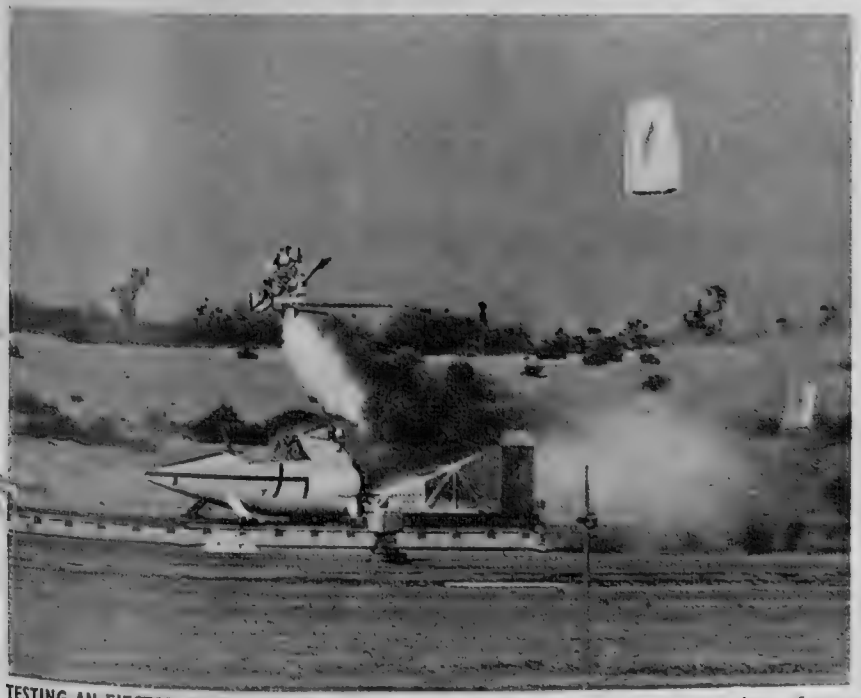
At the beginning of March of this year, the X-15, with its pilot, Scott Crossfield, made a 69-minute flight from Edwards Air Base, in California, under the wing of a B-52A mother aircraft. A second flight took place at the beginning of April, when the research craft again remained tethered beneath the wing of the B-52A. The next step in the schedule, due to take place early in May, was the accomplishment of the first separation of the X-15 from its mother aircraft. This would be followed by a glide back to earth from about 35,000 ft., with the propellant tanks empty. Powered flights, in which the one 90-second burst of acceleration will consume about 7 tons of fuel, are due to take place this summer. The complicated ground equipment at the Ely "High Range" station, in Nevada, will enable scientists on the ground to track the progress of the X-15 out into the fringes of space.



COMBATING THE PROBLEM OF HEAT: *Left*—The test pilot for the first part of the X-15 programme, Scott Crossfield, wearing a gleaming aluminised flying suit, undergoes tests in a specially-built chamber. *Right*—The North American stand-by test pilot, Al White, is fitted with another aluminised flying suit. Made of five layers, the suit is protection against the heat.

RADAR TRACKING: At the Ely tracking station, in Nevada, technicians man the plotting, telemetering and monitoring equipment used to track the path of aircraft. *Left*—A technician is seated in front of the complex radar equipment. The Ely station will plot the flights of the X-15 over the nearby 485-mile flight path scheduled for the rocket craft's testing programme.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NEVADA: In the foreground is the Ely tracking station, perched on top of a 9,000-ft. peak. Jakes Dry Lake in the background could be used as an emergency landing field if necessary. *Left*—The telemeter antenna, which picks up vital information transmitted during the test flights, has a range of 28,000 yards.



TESTING AN EJECTOR SEAT: *Left*—The seat, with a dummy pilot in it, is shot clear of an experimental sled by means of a rocket. *Right*—When clear of obstruction, the dummy breaks free of the ejection seat and the automatic parachute starts to open. The two wing-like structures on the ejection seat are stabilisers. So much force is exerted by the mechanism used in the X-15 that, although these tests were carried out at ground-level, the seat was thrown high enough for the parachute to be opened fully.

THE GOLDFISH AND NEWT WAR

Keeping Different Kinds of Coldwater Fish; Several Small Fish Killed After the Arrival of Newts in the Author's Pond; the Goldfish's Chance of Revenge on the Newt Tadpoles

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A GOOD many years ago now, we made a small formal pond in the garden because we wanted to grow water-lilies and other aquatic plants. Once we had the pond we thought how nice it would be to have some fish. So, armed with a couple of jam-pots, I went down to see the local corn-chandler. Our corn-chandler does not pretend to run a pukka pet shop, but I had seen a tank of small fish in his shop and I thought that he might, perhaps, sell me a few. He proved to be very willing. They were the surplus from his own garden pond and he was only too anxious to get rid of them.

He proved to be wonderfully honest about his fish. I asked him if he had any goldfish, and he said that he had one or two red ones swimming about with the rest, but that he would not like to say that they were goldfish. "They 're just a mongrel lot in the pond," he said. I did not in the least mind if I had genuine goldfish or not, and it seemed to me that a mongrel lot ought to be pretty hardy, so I chose two red ones and four others of various piebald colours—black-and-yellow, red-and-white, and so on—and paid him three shillings for the lot. I am quite sure that if he had cared to call the red ones goldfish he could have charged a lot more than sixpence each for them, and sold them without any difficulty.

I brought my half-dozen assorted fish (not one of them more than an inch-and-a-half long) home and tipped

THE GOLDFISH POND: Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald keeps several kinds of coldwater fish in the pond in his garden. In April, he saw a newt there for the first time.

them in the pond. That must have been about the beginning of September. They went straight down to the bottom and into the mud, and that was the last we saw of them that year. That winter was very severe, with thick ice over the pond for weeks on end. Every one of the six survived. They appeared about the middle of March, and by the following July they had grown appreciably, and looked so nice, and were so fascinating to watch, that I became very fish-minded and decided that it was time to increase the stock and have a few thoroughbred fish. So I got a catalogue of coldwater fish from one of the recognised fish-farms, and bought breeding pairs of Golden Orfe, Goldfish, Hi-Goi, Shubunkin, Golden Tench and Moors. When they arrived, I took them straight out to the garden and tipped them into the pond.

Now, I know absolutely nothing about fish. (This will already be apparent to those who do.) I had coldwater fish and a pond full of cold water, and that was that so far as I was concerned. I now know that it was quite the wrong thing to do with the Moors. About eighteen months ago (and that was some years after I had tipped these fish into my pond) I introduced some fish experts on television, and among the fish they exhibited was a pair of Moors. I recognised them at once and innocently said that I had some like that in my garden pond at home. It was only then that I understood that I ought not to have. Moors, I was told, though coldwater fish, are not fully-hardy and ought not to be kept in garden ponds in the winter. They do not like the water all that cold apparently. All I can say about this is that my Moors evidently did not realise that they are rather delicate. They survived a good many winters—they even survived being frozen in—and, though both are now dead (one died during this past winter and the other in April), they bred and have left descendants in the pond today.

I have had my troubles. The Hi-Goi, magnificent big fish they were, too, failed to survive their first summer. One lasted only about a week, the other about a month. I do not know why they should have died. The Golden Orfe, surface-swimming fish, did not last long either. Both just disappeared, and I feel fairly certain were taken by foxes. A heron paid me a visit one year, but found the house a little too close to permit of carefree fishing and went away without doing any damage. A kingfisher, who turned up three years ago and hung about for a whole day, must have taken some fish, I think, though I did not actually see him do so. In any case, so beautiful a bird was a very welcome visitor. I have also had a good deal of trouble from time to time (about every third year) from the larvæ of the *Dytiscus* beetle, which have attacked and killed small fish. The adult beetles are easy enough to catch, but the larvæ have always proved very difficult.

But, in the main, my losses have been natural ones—old age, baby fish failing to survive their first winter, that sort of thing—and the numbers have increased so greatly that I have for some time past been in the position of having to find homes for the surplus, summer after summer. I still have my original pair of Shubunkin and my original pair of Goldfish and one of the Golden Tench, but otherwise the population of the pond is just about as mongrel as it could well be. Fish, in my experience here, recognise no racial or class distinctions, and certainly observe no colour-bar: they just breed.

Yet, every now and again, against all the odds, a fish is hatched which appears to be pure-bred. Most of the fish in my pond are multi-coloured, patch-worked,

THE COMMON OR SMOOTH NEWT: The male of this species of small-tailed amphibia is distinguished by having a high frill along its back. Newts, of which there are three species in Britain, spend much time on land. Picture by Eric Hosking.

and most of them have a touch of black about them somewhere, but there are three young fish, which look like perfect Shubunkins—the right colours, magnificent tails, everything: the spit image of the original pedigree pair—and there is a young Goldfish, which looks like a young Goldfish. When you remember that the females just scatter their eggs broadcast in the weeds and that the eggs are fertilised in the water by any male fish that happens to be handy, and that most of the fish come into breeding condition at the same time, the odds against the production of a pedigree youngster must be astronomical. It has been interesting, too, to notice how the various characteristics linger on.

My Moors never succeeded in reproducing themselves perfectly. The wonderful floppy tails were lost straight-away, and the deep black became, more often than not, a deep bronze. Yet, every now and again, I get a fish that is jet black and has the deep squat body of the true Moor, although it is usually finished off with the thin apologetic tail of the genuine mongrel. But I do not mind how mongrel a lot my fish may be; they, and their movements, are beautiful. It has been a delight to me to get them tame enough to feed from my fingers. I know no greater time-waster than a fish-pond. And I like wasting time. I can spend hours and hours by my pond, and never get bored.

This year my fish-pond has been much more interesting than usual. Early in April I saw a newt in my pond. At one time I used to get quite a lot of frogs. They came to the pond to breed, though the spawn never came to anything, for the tadpoles were snapped up by the bigger fish as soon as they hatched. I have not seen a frog in the pond, nor in the garden for that matter, for at least two years now, and I think that they have become very uncommon in this neighbourhood; as they have in other parts of the country. But I have never before seen a newt in this pond—and I think that it can be taken for certain that there has not been one—and I was fearfully pleased to see it.

I know even less about newts than I do about fish. When I was a small boy, I used to catch newts and take them home and try to keep them (without any success at all), and I can recognise the three different sorts all right. But I really know nothing at all about their habits. Where did this newt come from? (It was, incidentally, joined by another within a couple of days of my seeing it.) And why? There are three other fish-ponds in the immediate neighbourhood: two are in adjacent gardens and the third, which must be at least forty years old, in a garden about a quarter of a mile away. None of these ponds has, I am assured, ever held newts before. There is complete certainty about the two in adjoining gardens, though the most that can be said of the third is that it has not held newts during the twenty years' residence of the present owners. This year one of the two adjacent to my garden has also acquired newts: the remaining two are still free. The nearest natural pond—and this pond has always held a community of newts—is about a mile away, and between it and this garden there is a hill of 1 in 10, up which these newts would have had to climb.

It seems to me to be an awful long walk for a newt, which is, after all, not a very big animal and which has very short and rather weak legs. I wonder how frequently they do do this sort of thing, and how long a walk like that would take them? I have looked up the books, and though a great deal is known about their habits in water, I can find very little about their habits on land, although it is apparent that they do spend a good deal of time on land and do wander to new ponds.

I suppose that they left the natural pond (I cannot think where else they could have come from) because it had become overcrowded, a matter of "lebensraum." But why should they have come to my pond? The pond a quarter of a mile away is that much nearer the natural pond, and it is a bigger and deeper pond than mine. No doubt newts know what they want in a pond, what makes a desirable residence. But I wonder what it is? It was not long after I had seen the newt when I found a small fish floating on the surface, dead, with its tail bitten off: three days later there was another minus its head: two or three days after that, another. Altogether, I have found five small fish dead with similar injuries (one with head missing and four with tails) since the newts came. There were no other signs of injury. There had been no attempt to eat these young fish: this was not the work of a *Dytiscus* larva. This was wanton murder.

It came as a tremendous surprise to me. I had always regarded newts as colourful, pleasant, harmless little creatures. I rushed off to the books once more: not a word about newts attacking fish, not a word about fish as part of the diet of newts. Yet I feel sure that this was the work of newts. Reading the books, however, I have discovered that newts are far from harmless. They have teeth and know how to use them, and they seem to be rather short-tempered, too. Malcolm Smith, the leading authority, in his *The British Amphibians and Reptiles*, says that they will snap at any small object floating past them in the water and that they will even attack a stick if it is wiggled about in front of them. That they can do damage is beyond question, for Smith has seen a limb torn from the body of its owner in a fight with another newt. I think that those small fish, swimming too close to the newts—they are Smooth Newts, by the way, not the big Crested variety—annoyed them and got killed for their presumption.

My first reaction was to catch the newts and put an end to the slaughter once and for all, because Malcolm Smith makes it clear that having adopted a pond, newts stick to it, and I visualised this happening year after year. But then I thought that after all I had only lost five fish (and I have lost none since) and I shall have to give away a good many more than that this summer anyway, so the newts have saved me the trouble of catching five fish. Anyway, I like watching the rings on the surface as they come up to breathe, and the flash of orange on their bellies as they turn to dive for the bottom again. On the whole, I think that they are a fine addition to the pond; and I think that they deserve a reward for that long walk. The time may come when I shall have to give away surplus newts. But I think that my big fish will look after that problem for me. They will, I think, be quite as unkind to newt tadpoles as newts are to young fish.

PLACES OF WORSHIP

New Churches in Italy, France and Germany

AN ADDITION TO THE ARCHITECTURE OF ROME: The church of San Giovanni Bosco, the "Apostle of Youth," is near Cinecitta, the Cinema City, on the outskirts of the capital of Italy. The design by P. Rapisardi combines "round" on "square," and the building is surmounted by a conventional cupola. The work took six years to complete and there are a number of sculptures and other decorations by leading artists. At the beginning of this month the body of San Giovanni Bosco, who was canonised by the late Pope Pius XII, was brought from Turin to be present at the dedication of the church bearing his name. A few days later Pope John XXIII went to the church and prayed before the Saint's coffin.

A MODERN CHURCH IN MODERN SURROUNDINGS: At the end of a broad street flanked by modern buildings of shops and apartments is the Church of San Giovanni Bosco. The area of Cinecitta suffered considerable damage during the war. There has been much rebuilding in recent years.

THE INTERIOR OF SAN GIOVANNI BOSCO: The mural behind the High Altar is a mosaic by G. Brancaccio depicting the Saint in the Glory of Heaven. The altar itself is made of marble brought from Portugal and Chile. The altar rails are ornamented with a number of bronzes by P. Fazzini.

FOR PROTESTANTS IN CAEN: The church in the contemporary style was formally dedicated at the end of last month by the Rev. Marc Boegner, President of the French Protestant Federation. Caen was the scene of one of the fiercest battles of the last war. The hub of twelve important roads, it was stubbornly defended by the Germans. The damage to property was enormous. To-day large parts of the city consist almost entirely of new buildings.

"THE CHAIR OF THE LORD": Such is the name given to this new Protestant church by the people of Hastedt, near Bremen. The entire building is in the shape of a chair. The side walls are of coloured glass and a third glass wall slopes up from the roof to form a peak over the apse. The rest of the building is in reinforced concrete. The church's architect is Carsten Schroeck.

A BIG CITY DEVELOPMENT: The scene of this extensive building development is off Fetter Lane (on the left), between Fleet Street and High Holborn, in London. The construction going on in the foreground will be a nine-storey office block, the middle part of a development of three office blocks. The first block, twelve storeys high, is behind. This one, which will be completed next month, has already been let. The block on which construction is just starting will be completed in eighteen months. Through the building, which will be raised above ground-level, will run a path for pedestrians. The third block will go up on the left of the site. The new buildings behind are, from left: Oyez House, of the Solicitors' Law Stationery Society Limited; Monotype House, with the *Daily Mirror* and *Sunday Pictorial* skyscraper behind; Thavies Inn House, for Lloyds Bank; Newspaper House; and Extel House, the new building for the Exchange Telegraph Company. In front of Monotype House is New Fetter Lane, a 50-ft.-wide road, which is being built to join Holborn Circus. Eventually this new road will run from Fleet Street.

New Roads and Buildings in London

Development in Fetter Lane; Exit Roads to the West; the South Bank Skyscraper

On right—

IMPROVING AN EXIT ROAD FROM LONDON: At Hanger Lane on a temporary road which replaces part of Western Avenue, three lanes of cars, vans and lorries wait at the junction with the North Circular Road. At the crossroads is Hanger Lane Underground Station which is served by the Central Line on the right. The cranes and trucks stand on part of the old Western Avenue where they are working on the walls to the approach of an underpass. When completed the underpass will take traffic underneath the North Circular Road. It will have two 24-ft.-wide carriageways with roads branching off to join the North Circular Road at the surface, eliminating the crossroads which causes many traffic jams. The contract for the underpass scheme was placed in May of last year. The cost is estimated at £761,000. This development forms part of a scheme of general improvements to Western Avenue which extends from East Acton out to Northolt Airfield. There it becomes the A.40 which goes through Oxford and on to South Wales. These improvements were started in January 1958 and eventually there will be 10 miles of modern dual-carriageway stretching westward from Shepherd's Bush.

YET ANOTHER OFFICE BLOCK: Huge steel girders form part of the foundations for another block of offices which is being constructed on the Fetter Lane development site. All around it are new buildings. On the left are some new offices for W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd.; in the centre, the skyscraper of the *Daily Mirror* and *Sunday Pictorial*; and on the right, Lloyds Bank's Thavies Inn House.

AN IMPORTANT LINK ON THE LONDON TO SOUTH WALES ROUTE: Construction material lies on the surface of the newly-completed southern approach of the Chiswick Flyover from the Cromwell Road extension. On the right, traffic is using the connecting road to the Chiswick roundabout, a notorious bottleneck. It is to relieve this bottleneck that the four-span flyover, which is half a mile long, is being constructed. The northern approach to the flyover has still to be completed and the last span to be laid. The cost of the work, which was begun in 1957 and is expected to be finished next August, is estimated at £820,000.

THE SOUTH BANK OF THE THAMES: The first storeys of the Shell skyscraper and office blocks are beginning to take shape on the south bank of the river. In the background, to the left, behind Hungerford Railway Bridge, is the Festival Hall and nearby the downstream part of Shell's London headquarters, an L-shaped, eleven-storey block, is under construction. The skyscraper will be twenty-six storeys and 330 ft. high. The other buildings on this site are being constructed on three sides of a square with the open side facing the Thames. The work has been interrupted at various times by incidents. First of all there were labour troubles, with strikes and mass sackings. Recently, a 2,000-lb. unexploded bomb was found on the site and construction was delayed for most of a day while Army engineers disposed of it.

ON THE COAST OF BRITTANY: Breton fishing-boats lie in the New Harbour at Concarneau, on the south coast of the Finisterre Peninsula. Much of this quay was built by the Germans during the war to improve the port which is noted as a centre for tunny-fishing.

HOLIDAYS BY YACHT

Besides British Waters There are Many Fine Cruising Grounds to be Explored off the Continental Coast

By GABOR DENES

TO pick up the navigation marks on a strange coast, in the summer dawn after a night's sailing across open water, to enter a foreign port for the first time, and to drop the "hook" in a new anchorage, these are some of the highlights in the life of the cruising yachtsman. They are followed by exploring unknown coastal waters and estuaries, visits ashore to see new places, sample new food and drink, and meet different people.

Thus the yachtsman is fortunate. His are such holiday joys without having to book hotel accommodation in advance, seats on trains or aeroplanes, and without having to share his enjoyment with crowds of people, not of his own choosing. Once he owns his yacht, or has paid for her charter, his costs are much lower, too. He and his crew will sleep aboard their own vessel, wherever they are, and they have the choice of taking their meals in colourful restaurants ashore, or doing their own marketing, and then cooking on board.

Having described the advantages of a yachting holiday, we should examine the needs, requirements, limitations and possible snags. The first requirement, of course, is the yacht herself. Perhaps we should take it for granted, that she is well designed and built, and seaworthy in every respect. To this we must add that she must be well maintained, and that all the rigging and the gear aboard is in good order, above and below decks, including the navigation instruments.

Next, the size and type of vessel will determine what kind of cruising can safely be undertaken. Although remarkably long sea voyages are undertaken in very small craft, generally speaking, one would not venture far in anything smaller than a four- or five-tonner, from the point of view of safety as well as comfort, especially where open sea passages of any length can be expected. It would be relatively safe and practicable to make a short hop across the Channel, on a good day, say from Dover to Calais, and if need be continue in short legs along the French coast or by entering the canal system. A bigger and more seaworthy craft would be needed for longer initial crossings, to Holland or the Brittany coast, and for further unrestricted cruising.

Even in a vessel of the right size for the job, it must be remembered that the weather can turn against us, and delays, often prolonged ones, can be caused by too much or too little wind. This must be taken into account when the time element is considered, and the range and cruising area is, of necessity, controlled by the time available for the holiday. In most cases, yachtsmen, who are content to cruise locally, or coastwise during most week-ends in the sailing season, devote their annual holiday to a more ambitious cruise of a fortnight, three weeks, or, in the case of the fortunate ones, longer. The time available is the deciding factor in how far one can venture, having made due allowance for unexpected delays.

As for the personal qualifications needed to undertake extended holiday cruising, these are quite simple. The owner, or his skipper, must be able to navigate in coastal waters. If he is also capable of fixing his position by celestial observation, this is an advantage, but not an essential. The charts of the waters to be visited must be on board, together with tide-tables, which are up to date. Radio, direction-finders, and echo-sounders, which are becoming more widely used, are refinements which can make the navigator's life easier, but are by no means indispensable. In addition to being able to navigate, the skipper must also be able to handle his ship in all conditions, he must know her so that he can get the best out of her. In other words, he must be a good seaman.

It is not always sufficient that the skipper should be capable of handling the ship. He cannot go without sleep on a long voyage and therefore it is desirable that others in the crew should be able to take over and keep watch at times. In addition, a sufficient number of people should be on board to make an efficient crew to work the ship.

On left—

THE WESTERNMOST POINT OF FINISTERRE: Off the Pointe du Raz, in Brittany, are two lighthouses: La Vieille (on the left) and La Plate. On the top of the cliffs behind them is the signal station. The channels into the harbours of France are well marked by buoys and lights so that navigation for yachtsmen is much assisted.

A FAVOURITE RESORT IN BRITTANY FOR YACHTSMEN: Bénodet is at the mouth of the estuary from Quimper. On left is one of the chief hotels of the town. On right, rising above the trees, is a light which gives direction for those navigating into port by night. Besides being much favoured by yachtsmen, Bénodet has a fine beach for bathing.

Many fine cruising grounds can be found in British waters. The charming harbours and estuaries of the West Country, particularly Cornwall and Devon, attract many Solent and East Coast yachtsmen in their summer holidays. But the lure of "going foreign" is great, and crossing the great divide between ourselves and the rest of Europe, the English Channel, adds to the sense of achievement, while visiting foreign ports and lands has a great fascination.

There are few formalities for those who "go foreign" in their own yacht, apart from the usual Customs clearance —the local Customs officer must be notified before departure —passports, and currency regulations. In chartered vessels, there is an added requirement: if the charterer wishes to go farther than half-way across the Channel, there must be a special licence on board, issued by H.M. Customs to the owner, who must see to it that the charter party do not sail without it.

In most Continental ports formalities are almost completely dispensed with in the case of British yachts, which are welcome everywhere. On returning to a British port, none of the crew is permitted to go ashore before the vessel has been boarded by Customs, and clearance is obtained.

Not all the parts of the Continental coastline are equally accessible to all British yachtsmen. The coasts and harbours of Holland and Belgium are nearer for the East Coast yachtsmen, while owners who keep their boats in the Solent or farther west, find the French coast within easier reach.

The nearest ports of all by length of open sea passage are Calais and Boulogne. These are important commercial harbours, but, nevertheless, worth a visit by a British yacht, especially if time is limited. They are also useful ports for the smaller craft, as from them they can continue in sheltered waters or canals in case of bad weather.

Calais, only 24 miles from Dover, offers many attractions and yachts are made welcome, unlike similar British ports, where they are only tolerated. In case of bad weather, it is possible to continue from Calais through the canals to Ostend, another popular place with British yachts. Farther north, Zeebrugge has good facilities and a hospitable yacht club, and access to yet more canals. Many British yachtsmen visited the Brussels Exhibition in their own boats last year.

PANORAMA OF THE CAPITAL OF GUERNSEY: Craft of various types lie in the waters of St. Peter Port. There is rewarding cruising round the Channel Islands, and Dinard and St. Malo, on the French coast, are nearby. The attractions of yachting holidays in foreign waters are many. The yachtsman has not to worry himself with booking accommodation, and can make his own way to the area of his choice. The Netherlands, Belgian and French Channel and Atlantic coasts are becoming increasingly popular with British craft.

A PICTURESQUE PORT IN NORMANDY: The Old Harbour of Honfleur is in the town which lies on the south side of the mouth of the River Seine opposite to Le Havre. Yachts can sail up the Seine to Paris and on through inland waterways to the Mediterranean.

THE "WOOD OF LOVE": The trees of the Bois d'Amour run beside the Riven Aven at Kerdruc down to Pont Aven, a small port on the Atlantic coast of Brittany. The district has attracted a number of distinguished artists, among them Gauguin.

A WATERFRONT IN THE NETHERLANDS: Hoorn is on the Ijsselmeer, north of Amsterdam. The town was at one time a commercial centre of importance. To-day its waterfront is described as "marked with a melancholy charm."

IN THE QUIETNESS OF MORBIHAN: The River Auray flows near the town which bears its name in the Morbihan Department of Brittany. There is a great number of fine harbours and estuaries along the Breton coast between Lézardrieux in the east and Belle Ile in the south.

Still farther north is the vast Scheldt Estuary, the entrance to Holland's extensive and most attractive cruising ground, the lovely Dutch canals, leading to the Ijsselmeer, Amsterdam, and the other old cities, the province of Friesland and out to sea again to the Friesian Islands.

Along the French coast, south of Boulogne, Dieppe and Fécamp are suitable for yachts, and Le Havre is of special interest. The passage from the Solent is just over 100 miles, and is not too difficult in reasonable weather. The town itself, which had to be almost completely rebuilt after the war, is well worth a visit, and yachts can sail up the Seine to Rouen and Paris, and farther, through a highly-developed inland waterways system as far as the Mediterranean. Across the Seine estuary from Le Havre is the ancient corsair harbour Honfleur, where yachts can lie in the Vieux Bassin, surrounded by seventeenth-century buildings. West of here are the twin beauties of Trouville and Deauville, with a fine yacht club and important regattas.

Although it is France's main transatlantic port, Cherbourg is very popular with British yachtsmen, especially from the Solent (60 miles). Built by Napoleon, the immense artificial harbour includes a special yacht basin, with a club, the new building of which was opened last summer, and offers first-class facilities for yachtsmen. There is even a Casino in Cherbourg, and on a busy week-end I have counted as many as 120 British yachts in the harbour.

The experienced navigator will find a further rewarding cruising ground around the Channel Islands, with St. Malo and Dinard nearby, and the waters all round the Breton Peninsula. The Brittany coast has many dangers in the way of outlying rocks, and extremely high and swift tides, but the French system of navigational marks is so good that the navigator will not find the dangers and difficulties unsurmountable.

The crossing can be made to Cherbourg, from there to St. Peter Port, in Guernsey, is only 40 miles, and a further 35-mile passage will take the yacht to the entrance of the Pontrieux River. Those who prefer to start the exploration of Brittany from farther to windward might make their Channel crossing from Falmouth to Brest, a longer open passage of about 100 miles.

There are many fine harbours and estuaries along the Breton coast between Lézardrieux in the east and Belle Ile in the south, almost impossible to visit all in one cruise, and many yachtsmen go back to Brittany finding fresh places to explore each time. Camaret, Douarnenez, Bénodet, Concarneau and Le Palais are only some of the best known of these colourful harbours.

Longer cruises are undertaken by the fortunate few with more extended holidays, across the Bay of Biscay to Spain, and in the north to Denmark and the Baltic, or nearer home to Ireland.

Facilities for those who don't own their own yacht exist in many places, in fact chartering craft is possibly the only way of exploring foreign waters for those with only a short holiday, and also those who want to venture farther afield. Considerable time is saved by flying to a foreign port, instead of making the crossing in one's own yacht, and starting a cruise in a chartered vessel. Chartering from a British port is, of course, the answer for those who do not own a boat, but have sufficient experience, knowledge and time for undertaking an extended cruise.

Charter craft, for inland waters as well as sea sailing, are available in several Continental countries. Considerable charter fleets exist in Holland, Denmark and on the Seine in France, and a London firm, World Holidays Afloat (Cornelders, Ltd.), 114, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1, is the agent for charter craft based, in addition to these countries, on the Mediterranean, and in Sweden.

MILE UPON MILE OF SOUND

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

DURING the last war monitors who listened to German broadcasts on behalf of Allied Intelligence began to report something notable about the quality as well as the content of this steady flow of propaganda. Much of what they heard was clearly not live broadcasting; yet to the trained sound technicians among them it sounded live, with a range, a smooth continuity and a lack of surface noise beyond the capabilities of any recording then available in the West. Not until the Allied forces liberated Radio Luxembourg, which had been under German control for four years, did they discover what they had been listening to. From it has developed one of the liveliest and most rapidly-growing of post-war entertainment industries.

Tape recording has a history that goes back much longer than that—to before the turn of the century, less than twenty years indeed after Edison invented the phonograph. A Danish engineer named Vladimir Poulsen, who had a job with the Copenhagen Telephone Company, found that it would be possible to magnetise a wire or tape to different degrees by an electromagnet. If the electromagnet were actuated by an ordinary carbon telephone transmitter the varying electrical impulses generated by sound could be recorded in the pattern of magnetism on a wire drawn past the transmitting head. To reproduce the sound, one reversed the process. The magnetised wire or tape was drawn past a magnetic telephone receiver, producing varying electrical impulses that were turned back into sound. Poulsen's Telegraphone won a Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

Commercially, its rewards were less impressive. An American Telegraphone Company produced the machines as dictating equipment and telephone recorders; a fair number were sold. Magnetic recording had clear theoretical advantages over recording on the wax and shellac discs and cylinders of a phonograph; the tapes did not wear out, and could operate for much longer continuously. But this recording process suffered from the quality of the transmitting and reproducing equipment then available: it could record no better than the telephones of the early 1900's, so that its playback was quiet and indistinct. The Company went into receivership; Poulsen turned most of his attention to radio, and though he did achieve some improvements in magnetic recording later, the system was soon eclipsed in the West by the triumphant and chequered development of the gramophone.

AT THE FINAL ASSEMBLY STAGE: In the E.M.I. works are (foreground) the L2 portable tape recorders. In the centre background an employee fits the large TR51 professional tape recorders into their cabinets.

After the First World War, development of electronic amplifiers revived interest in magnetic recording—in Germany. Certain of the early talking films made in Europe had their sound-tracks recorded not on the film but on steel tape; the Marconi Company in Britain bought rights to this system from a German called Blattner and later made Blattnerphone tape-recorders, which the B.B.C. adopted as its main method of programme recording. In Germany, however, paper and then plastic tapes coated with magnetic materials were being developed for tape-recording machines, and the range and quality of recording were developed considerably. By the early 1940's the Germans had "Magnetophones" capable of recording sound up to 10,000 cycles with great realism, offering a recording fidelity superior to most gramophone records. This was the instrument that the Allies discovered in Radio Luxembourg in September 1944.

The German specifications and patents were made freely available in the United States and Britain. In America technical interest had revived at the end of the '30's and various companies, including the Bell Laboratories, had begun development of tape-recording, but the German advances offered a new stimulus. The Magnetophones had used 14-in. reels of tape, lasting only half an hour because they ran past the magnetic head at 30 ins. per second; by 1947 the Minnesota Manufacturing and Mining Company, producers of the familiar "Scotch" gummed tape, had a Scotch magnetic tape that could record at only 7½ ins. a second, which brought the size of the reels down to a much more manageable compass. In essentials, the modern portable tape-recorder was complete.

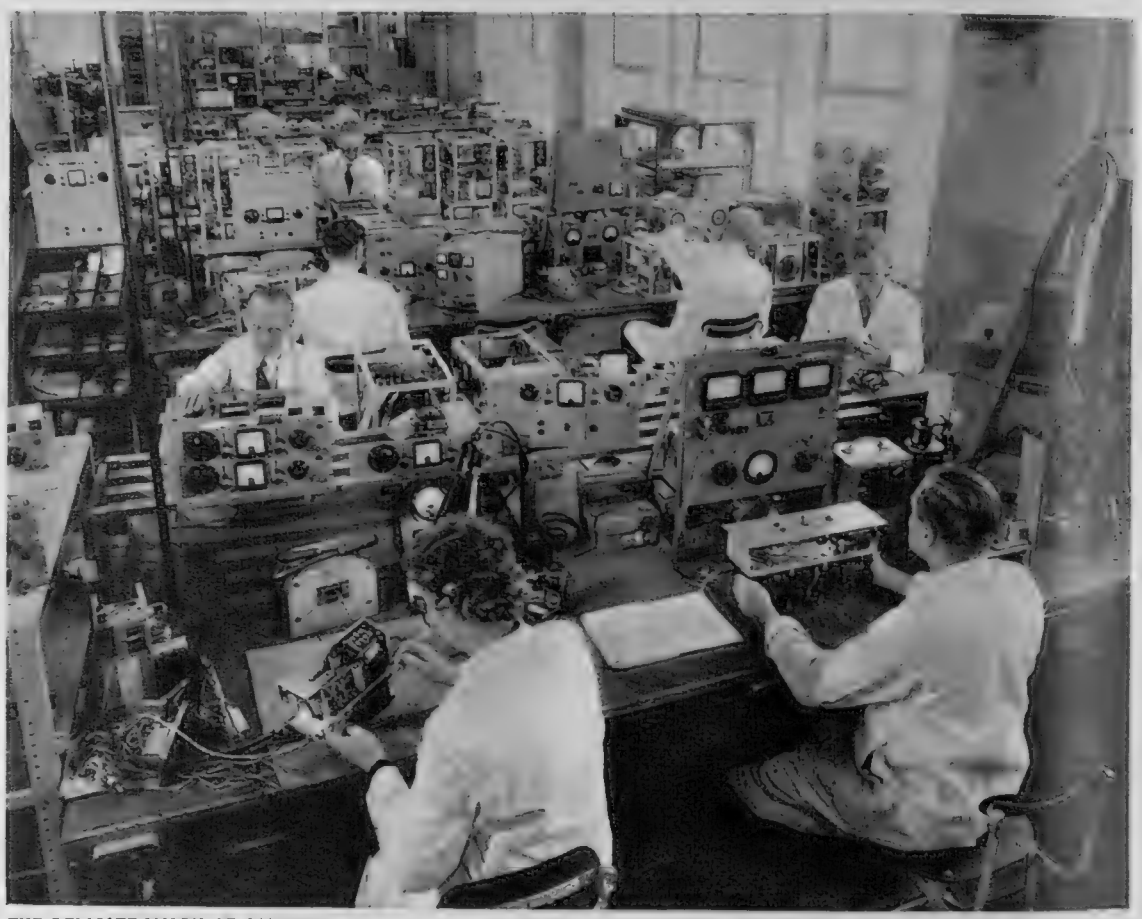
It had obvious applications in commercial sound reproduction and in dictation equipment; nobody then quite realised how much more widely it would spread. First, it freed the recording of entertainment from the abrupt and frequent stops of the disc: Bing Crosby, who welcomed the chance to get better and more continuous recording of his radio shows, was one of the first customers. The use of tape as a first "transcription" medium, to be played back on the air or for the master disc of gramophone record production, became general.

In office dictation equipment, magnetic recording offered much more portability; tape did not wholly take over from other kinds of record, such as belts and discs, but the magnetic recording system, with its possibility of immediate erasure and editing of what was taken down, had begun to be adopted for dictating equipment in the '30's. It made the main contribution to the development of the small desk-top dictating machines of to-day; and even smaller ones for personal recording: E.M.I., for example, offer the Emidicta disc machine for the office and the Minifon developed in Germany as a pocket wire-recording machine that the travelling businessman can carry about.

Technically, the German influence remains strong; although their patents had been made freely available here and in the United States as spoils of war, the German companies had most of the technicians originally responsible, and have maintained something of a lead. Grundig, for example, is probably the world's largest manufacturer of tape-recorders—and was one of the first to realise the possibilities of the new domestic market for these instruments.

If anyone in 1945 had suggested that the tape-recorder would become one of the most prized and fashionable possessions of the free-spending adolescent ten years later, most intelligent businessmen would have dismissed the idea. Yet it has—and that without any immense effort of sales promotion. The big companies who might have prised open such a new market by heavy advertising have indeed, in Britain at least, been lukewarm in their attitude (though Grundig and Phillips, from the Continent, have been positive enough). The market seems to have developed almost of itself, partly as a by-product of the "hi-fi" fashion, but with a wider appeal; the equipment is less esoteric and a good deal cheaper.

In Britain to-day there are probably a hundred different brands of tape-recorder on sale, ranging from small portable jobs costing some £30-£40 with no pretensions to high-quality reproduction (which will still reproduce sound very well if played back through a good record-playing amplifier or a VHF radio), up to elaborate console equipment at the price of about £120. A large number are imported complete; many more are made up here from components largely imported. The typical British "manufacturer" is a small company assembling only perhaps fifty or sixty recorders a week, and doing pretty well out of it. A number of the companies that make specialised amplifiers for "hi-fi" purposes make recorders, too; Grundig has a subsidiary here; and now certain of the bigger British electronics companies are venturing into the market.



THE DELICATE WORK OF ASSEMBLY: Employees at the E.M.I. works at Hayes, in Middlesex, assemble the components for TR90 professional tape recorders. The TR90 is a large, high-quality apparatus, supplied to the B.B.C., to hospitals and schools for speech therapy, and to industrial concerns for such purposes as recording board meetings.

This market is an oddly-mixed one. Specialised tape-recording equipment for studio work is one top slice of it; office dictating equipment, again, remains mainly in the hands of the long-established firms in the field; but the broad hinterland of the market is a vast expanse of amateurs. There are the musical enthusiasts who realise that one can readily record the finest music that happens to be broadcast as one hears it (strictly, home recording may infringe copyright, but there is nothing that can be done about it). There is the home market for any gadget in this affluent "do-it-yourself" society, ranging from the innocent pleasures of recording the first time baby talks to the more recondite attractions of wiring one's room and telephones for sound and later playing back the conversations of people who did not know they were being recorded.

In particular, there is the teen-ager's pleasure of being able to record "pop" tunes as they are played by a favourite band, and then wipe off the recording as the tune goes out of fashion. (The sheer bulk of gramophone records, and the disinclination of dustmen to take too many away, play a part here.) Sales, at well over 100,000 a year, are still growing; the "communications unit," containing television, radio, gramophone, and tape deck, the last two possibly stereophonic, is an idea some companies are playing with. More will be heard of all this.

A NEW ATOMIC POWER STATION OPENED IN SCOTLAND: Looking from the south-east at the nuclear power station at Chapelcross, near Annan, in Dumfriesshire, the reactor buildings are in front of the line of tall cooling towers. The right-hand reactor, No. 1, is now in operation, and the other three reactors are due to be commissioned at intervals throughout the remainder of this year.

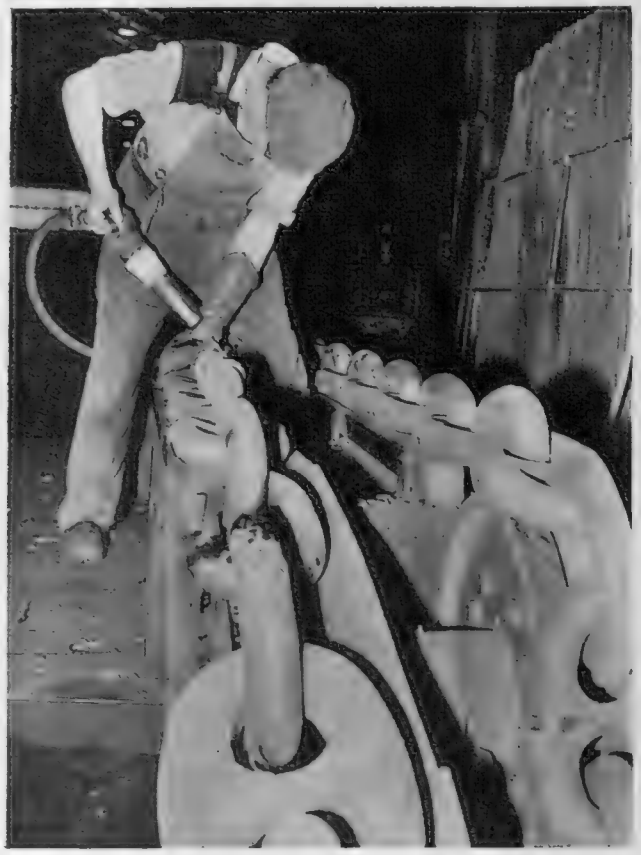
CHAPELCROSS NUCLEAR POWER STATION

Work started at Chapelcross in October of 1955 and the first reactor started generating on February 25 of this year. Built to supply plutonium for military purposes with ancillary equipment to generate electricity fed into the National Grid, the nuclear power station is virtually a duplicate of Calder Hall, in Cumberland, the first nuclear power station in the world to produce electricity on an industrial scale. When in full production—the other three reactors are due in operation during this year—Chapelcross will produce some 140 megawatts of electricity. Merz and McLellan were employed as consulting engineers for the power plant layout; Chapelcross differs in its geographical planning from Calder Hall since it was designed as a single unit. Among the numerous contractors engaged in supplying equipment were Babcock and Wilcox Ltd., who were responsible for the design, manufacture and erection of the sixteen steam-raising units and the main ducting carrying the coolant gas from the reactors; the steam turbo-generating plant was supplied by C. A. Parsons and Co. Ltd. The carbon dioxide storage plant was installed by the Chemical Division of the Distillers Company Ltd. Switchboard units and switchgear were supplied by English Electric and the many miles of electric cable by W. T. Henley's Telegraph Works Co. Ltd. The main civil engineering contractors for Chapelcross, which cost in all about £34,000,000, were the Mitchell Construction Co. Ltd.

AT WORK AT CHAPELCROSS: A technician loads a "charging basket" into a charging machine. Twenty-four cartridges of uranium, each of which weighs 28 lb., are stacked vertically in the reactor, six in each of the channels. There are 1,696 channels in each reactor.

***On left*—**
THE COOLING POND: Irradiated uranium elements are conveyed in a 50-ton coffin to be immersed in the water of the pond, which is about 18 ft. deep. While under the water they are transferred to a smaller container, known as a skip, and left for three months. The elements are then placed in another coffin to be transferred to Windscale, where they are processed into plutonium.

PART OF THE INSTALLATIONS AT THE SCOTTISH NUCLEAR POWER STATION: *Left*—Technicians at Chapelcross are seen at work on the charge floor of No. 1 reactor, where are situated the charge and discharge machines for loading and unloading the fuel elements. *Right*—Inside the Turbine Hall are the turbo-alternators. A geographical re-arrangement of the main physical elements distinguishes Chapelcross from Calder Hall power station; all the turbines are placed in one hall and the cooling towers are in a straight line.



THE FINISHED PRODUCT: Three workmen haul newly-made anchor chains across the floor to a dispatch bay. Above them another finished cable is being hoisted by a crane.

MAKING STEEL ANCHOR CHAINS

At the Brierley Hill anchor-making plant of Samuel Taylor and Sons Limited, in Staffordshire, workmen are handling separate steel units consisting of one link and two half links. The units, which are still hot from the forge, will be taken to the welding shop where they will be flash-butt welded into lengths of 15 fathoms. *On the right* surplus weld is being removed from the links as part of the cleaning-up process. Next, the cable will go to the testing shop. The weight of the links in the high-tensile steel chain cables made by Samuel Taylor varies from 3 to 200 lb. The cables are made in standard lengths of 15 fathoms and the largest weigh about 4 tons. A fair-sized ship will require two anchor cables which will be made up of ten or eleven lengths. Samuel Taylor make anchor chains for all sizes of ships. The anchor cables of the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary* come from the Brierley Hill works. Export orders to many parts of the world are handled.

On right—

NEW COAL-HANDLING SYSTEM

The two towers and conveyer-belts form part of the coal-handling system which is being installed at two new power stations, Blyth "A" and "B," now under construction for the Central Electricity Generating Board at Cambois, Northumberland. When the power stations are complete and working at full capacity, the system, designed, made and erected by Birtley Engineering Ltd., will feed coal into them at the rate of about 1,200 tons per hour. One conveyer, which runs between the central junction tower and the power stations, is 2,295 ft. long. A second open-air conveyer, which will carry coal to and from the stocking grounds, is more than 2,000 ft. long.

FLUORESCENT GENERAL LIGHTING FOR A NEW CATTLE MARKET

In and around the new cattle market at Shrewsbury, Siemens Edison Swan Ltd. have installed fifty-one Kuwait street lanterns mounted on steel columns 25 ft. high. The lighting is required in winter as the market remains open until 8 p.m. Single-type lanterns contain three warm white 40-watt fluorescent lamps and the twin version double the number. The steel columns, placed about 110 ft. apart, were supplied by Stewarts and Lloyds Ltd. Main contractors for the market were Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons Ltd.; it was designed under the direction of the Borough Surveyor, Mr. A. T. Morris.

On left—

TRACTOR ON STILTS

The "Lenfield Flamingo" recently made its first public appearance near Maidstone, in Kent. It is an ordinary Massey-Ferguson 35 tractor with a special conversion designed by Mr. V. C. Cruttenden, works manager of Lenfield Engineering Co. This allows the tractor to ride over anything growing to a height of 4½ ft. without interrupting its normal duties. All the control and steering facilities of the tractor are retained in the extended position. The adaptation can be carried out by the farmer, with the aid of a suitable hoist, the job taking about 4 hours. On this particular tractor the wheel track is set at 6 ft., but the "Flamingo" is also available in settings of 5 ft. and 7 ft. The conversion costs about £400.

A MEETING OF THE ELDER STATESMEN: Seated in a wheelchair, Mr. Dulles gesticulates to his visitors, President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill, in his room in the Walter Reed Army Hospital, in Washington. Sir Winston also visited General Marshall at the hospital on the same day of his informal visit to Washington last week. He stayed at the White House as the guest of the American President. At the beginning of this week, he flew back to London from Idlewild Airport after spending a few days at the home of Mr. Bernard Baruch, the financier, who has acted as adviser to several American presidents.

SIR WINSTON WITH MR. DULLES

President Eisenhower's Guest During an Informal Visit

At the same time there were disquieting reports of Mr. Dulles, who, in a report from the U.S. State Department, was stated to be weaker, suffering from a mild attack of pneumonia. Although he was responding to treatment, his sister flew back from Europe to be with him. While Sir Winston was staying at the White House, he and Mr. Eisenhower had several discussions during which, according to the American President, they reviewed the world situation. They also flew by helicopter from the South Lawn of the White House for a tour of inspection of the President's Gettysburg farm and the battlefield.

A VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL: Sir Winston listens to Mr. Dulles as Mr. Eisenhower smiles. The former American Secretary of State was seated in a wheelchair throughout the brief visit. Later he suffered an attack of pneumonia and there were reports that he was unable to receive any visitors.

WITH HIS NEW YORK HOST: At the airport in Washington, Sir Winston is with Mr. Bernard Baruch, the eminent financier. They flew together to New York, where Sir Winston spent the last part of his six-day visit to the U.S. as Mr. Baruch's guest. He had tea with Mme. Jacques Balsan, who was formerly the Duchess of Marlborough, as the wife of the ninth Duke.

THE NEW NORTHFLEET POWER STATION: Looking from the top of one of the chimneys of the station, Gravesend is on the right bank of the Thames Estuary and Tilbury on the left. The ships are moving downstream. *Below*—A tanker steams past Tilbury Docks on the opposite bank of the Estuary. The chimney from which these pictures were taken is one of two 500 ft. high and is almost completed. The other is half-finished. The new power station is being built at a cost of £35,000,000 for the Central Electricity Generating Board. Coal-fired, it will have six turbine-alternators, the first of which will be operating by the end of the year. When in full operation (expected in 1962) the station will supply 720,000 kilowatts of electricity to London and South-East England. A grid line crossing over the Thames will take current to Suffolk.

A NEW POWER STATION

A £35,000,000 Development at Northfleet, in Kent

LOOKING UPSTREAM FROM THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY: Smoke belches from the chimneys of the factories which line the south bank of the Thames Estuary in Kent. It is to supply the expanding needs of these and other industrial plants that the Northfleet Power Station is now being constructed.

The Central Electricity Generating Board faces the huge problem of coping with a demand which doubles itself every ten years. Consequently, fifteen conventional, or steam-powered, generating stations are being constructed throughout the country and four nuclear stations. The plans for three more nuclear plants are awaiting Government approval.

One of the conventional stations is being built at Northfleet, on the south bank of the Thames Estuary, adjoining Gravesend, in Kent. Not far away, on the opposite bank, is the Tilbury Power Station which came fully into operation in 1956. The new Northfleet development will be coal-fired, as are fourteen of the stations now being built—a means of employing in the future the country's surplus coal production. There will be six turbo-alternators, each generating 120,000 kilowatts of electricity, giving a total of 720,000 kilowatts to be fed into the London and South-East England grid. They will consume some 1,250,000 tons of coal a year when fully in operation in 1962. The first turbo-alternating set should be working by the end of this year.

The building on the bank of the Thames Estuary will be dominated by two 500-ft.-high chimneys. These tall chimneys are a feature of power stations. Their purpose is to eject the hot exhaust gases from the coal at a high velocity so that they settle at an altitude of between 600 and 700 ft. In this way air pollution is avoided and the gases do not mix with fog, which is normally at a lower level. Work on the Northfleet Station, which was begun early in 1956 and will cost about £35,000,000, includes the provision of an 800-ft.-long jetty where the Electricity Board's colliers can discharge their cargoes. The coal will be taken to the boiler-houses direct from the jetty on a conveyor belt. Another part of the development, which has just started, is the building of a grid line crossing over the Thames.

On right—

THE TWO CHIMNEYS: They will be 500 ft. high when completed and will carry the hot exhaust gases high above the level where fog persists. Construction materials are littered on the area of waste ground in front of the power station.

The World of Books

CHRONICLES—VIVID AND PROFOUND

Lady Diana Cooper's Second Volume of Reminiscences; Autobiography of a French Philosopher; "A Thoroughly Nice Man"; a Novel by Miss Jacquetta Hawkes

THERE is only one thing that I could find in dispraise of THE LIGHT OF COMMON DAY (Hart-Davis. 25s.), the second volume of Lady Diana Cooper's autobiography, and that would be the semi-oblivion which it imposes on the reader. Responsibilities, appointments, the daily and generally rewarding round is forgotten and one enters into the world of the writer, not because it is necessarily a greater or more dazzling world (though there are flashes of gold in it from time to time), but because, quite simply, it is a world which the writer has been able to communicate with quite exceptional vividness. For a time the reader is present at its scenes of unexpected ecstasies and equally unforeseen depressions; its moments of curiously simple happiness and its funny, gossipy sessions with a kind of inner circle which, in the main, was founded on the premise that stupidity was the only vice.

In her earlier book, *The Rainbow Comes and Goes*, Lady Diana described her childhood, girlhood, alternately privileged and bewildered, and the delights and tragedies of being young, beloved and loving, during the First World War. The volume ended with her marriage to Duff Cooper and Max Reinhardt's suggestion that she should play the Madonna in his memorable production of *The Miracle*. At the beginning of this book Lady Diana has accepted the role and, in 1923, is setting out for New York for the first time. Her story, her husband's and her friends', goes on from there and ends with the outbreak of the Second World War. It is a chronicle of people and events, written with her particular *brio* and with her especial blend of the comic and the compassionate, and it is, too, a story of loyalties. Impulsive, natural, amusing, revealing and never for an instant pedestrian.

Mlle Simone de Beauvoir is a French philosopher with a political bent and a Left one at that. She is also a brilliant essayist and writer, and in *Les Mandarins* wrote a great novel about Paris intellectuals during the war. They are, of course, a group with a climate of thinking which she understands very well. With Sartre (she was runner-up to him for a competitive degree at the Sorbonne) she is, in fact, a leading intellectual of the day and could be said to reign, however reticently, among those advanced thinkers who make their home in Paris and travel the world a little further each year.

Now Mlle de Beauvoir has written her autobiography and it already shows signs of becoming a classic example of such works. MEMOIRS OF A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER (Deutsch and Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.), which has been excellently translated by Mr. James Kirkup, is a book to be read slowly and savoured. It has great depth and is as much a declaration of forms of philosophical thought as a straightforward life-story. In other words, the writer is conscious of having developed intellectually as surely, almost as inevitably, as she developed physically, and with extraordinary insight and honesty she has examined the stages through which her emotions and the objective processes of her mind have passed. With all this, she is revealed as a warm-hearted and very human person; candid, capable of great affection and as great detachment. A fascinating study and a real mental stimulus.

Mr. R. F. Delderfield has accomplished the neatest switch of the year, so far, by abandoning (though one hopes not for ever) his suburban sagas and writing about NAPOLEON IN LOVE (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.). This, in spite of Napoleon's two wives, can scarcely be put in the category of domestic dramas, which makes the book all the more of a contrast, but it is exceedingly entertaining and quite evidently the fruit of intensive research. Mr. Delderfield retains his light-hearted manner, but for all that has written a serious account of the ladies, from Caroline Colombier in Valence, when he was sixteen, to Albine Montholon in St. Helena. Serious students of the Napoleonic era will find a fresh aspect of their subject examined here and, for the general reader, the book should prove really diverting.

Others have written about courts and courtiers in every century under the sun and have particularly relished the period of the early seventeenth century with its violent contrasts between King and Protector, and King once more. In writing the life of a courtier between the years 1587 and 1649, it would seem therefore that Mr. Gervas Huxley had not done anything very spectacular or new. In fact, that it is just what he has done because he has chosen to write about a figure who achieved greatness in no sense, social, political or poetical, but who was just a thoroughly nice man.

ENDYMION PORTER (Chatto and Windus. 25s.) was described by Anthony Wood, nearer his own day, in this charming way: "Tho' obscure, yet he was a great man and beloved of two Kings, James I for his admirable wit and Charles I (to whom he was a servant) for his general learning, brave stile, sweet temper, great experience, travels and modern languages." The impression that the reader carries away most strongly after enjoying this book is a real regret that he cannot himself know this charming chap who enjoyed his family life even more than the riches which came through the patronage of kings, who faced exile and ruin with equal calm and unshaken loyalty, who had simplicity of manner but was the friend (and a knowledgeable one) of such giants as Rubens and

SPANISH DANCERS IN LONDON: At Sadler's Wells Theatre, Susana and Jose dance in a new work called *Carmen and Don Jose*. The ballet was performed at the opening of a two-week season on May 12. There are further pictures of the dancers on the opposite page.

Van Dyck. In the Prado in the Madrid that Endymion knew so well, there still hangs Van Dyck's portrait of himself and his companion, the plain English squire with the smiling eyes.

Miss Jacquetta Hawkes is not only one of the most distinguished of archæologists but, rare among the scientists, is also a writer of prose and poetry of distinction. In PROVIDENCE ISLAND (Chatto and Windus. 16s.) she joins that band of enthusiastic aspirants known as first novelists.

As might be expected, her novel has, as they say in a well-known B.B.C. parlour game, strong archæological and anthropological associations. A well-equipped team of diggers and investigators sets out from Oxford to probe the mysteries of an unknown and comparatively uncharted island in the Pacific. Under the leadership of Professor Pennycuick they look for this island to discover why certain Stone Age implements which have never been found anywhere but in Europe should turn up in this particular spot. Not only do they find a considerable cache of these things, but most interesting evidence of the art of that remote age, hitherto only found in European caves, and to crown the excitement finally they come across a tribe living exactly as their ancestors did tens of thousands of centuries ago.

Under the skilled direction of an authority like Miss Jacquetta Hawkes, and lapped in the pellucid prose which only a true poet can produce, the novel proves to be an exciting and unusual one. The team of Oxford scientists is also well observed, and in particular the female member of it.

While I am prepared to admit that the scientific data which is the basis of this novel is impeccable, I take leave to say that those portions devoted to the thoughts and opinions of Dr. Alice Cutter, lace this novel with an interest and an entertainment far more pleasurable than most of those slabs of raw life from the Midlands or the Potteries in which the central character is apt to be the kitchen sink.

Miss Jane Duncan is a novelist with a plan, and not just a nebulous scheme but a plan that she had already put into execution when she presented it to her publishers. For in the framework of novels about her friends, she has completed seven manuscripts, of which the first is now published with a promise of six more to come from the delighted but surely rather surprised firm. MY FRIENDS THE MISS BOYDS (Macmillan. 15s.) introduces the series effectively. The setting is Ross-shire and the time the end of the First World War when the narrator was a little girl of eight. This character, we are told, will appear progressively in each book, and we shall presumably learn as much about her, the jobs she later takes and her love-life as about the dramas in her friends' lives. The ladies of the present title are old and old-fashioned, which, as we know, doesn't necessarily follow. They are born townees, and when they descend on the quiet croft of Reachfar they cause something of a sensation. I will divulge no more but only say that the style is conversational and as easy as a fireside chat.

From America comes THE SOUTHERN WILD (Harrap. 15s.), by Miss Ruth Chatterton, who not so long ago was a beautiful and distinguished actress and has for the past few years devoted her talents to the writing of fiction. Her new novel is, as the title promises, about the southern states of America, and is set in the present day when the clashes between white and Negro populations is growing more bitter than ever, in spite of (if that is the right term) the new anti-segregation laws. Miss Chatterton conveys the remoteness and the latent savagery of the Deep South, and she shows, too, how opposite the aims and ambitions of the older and younger generations may be, whether in a rich and powerful white family or in the educated, coloured family who are descended from the others' slaves. Well done and without that saccharine sentimentality that so many novelists find irresistible when it comes to describing young love under the magnolias.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF RING LARDNER (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) make up the kind of

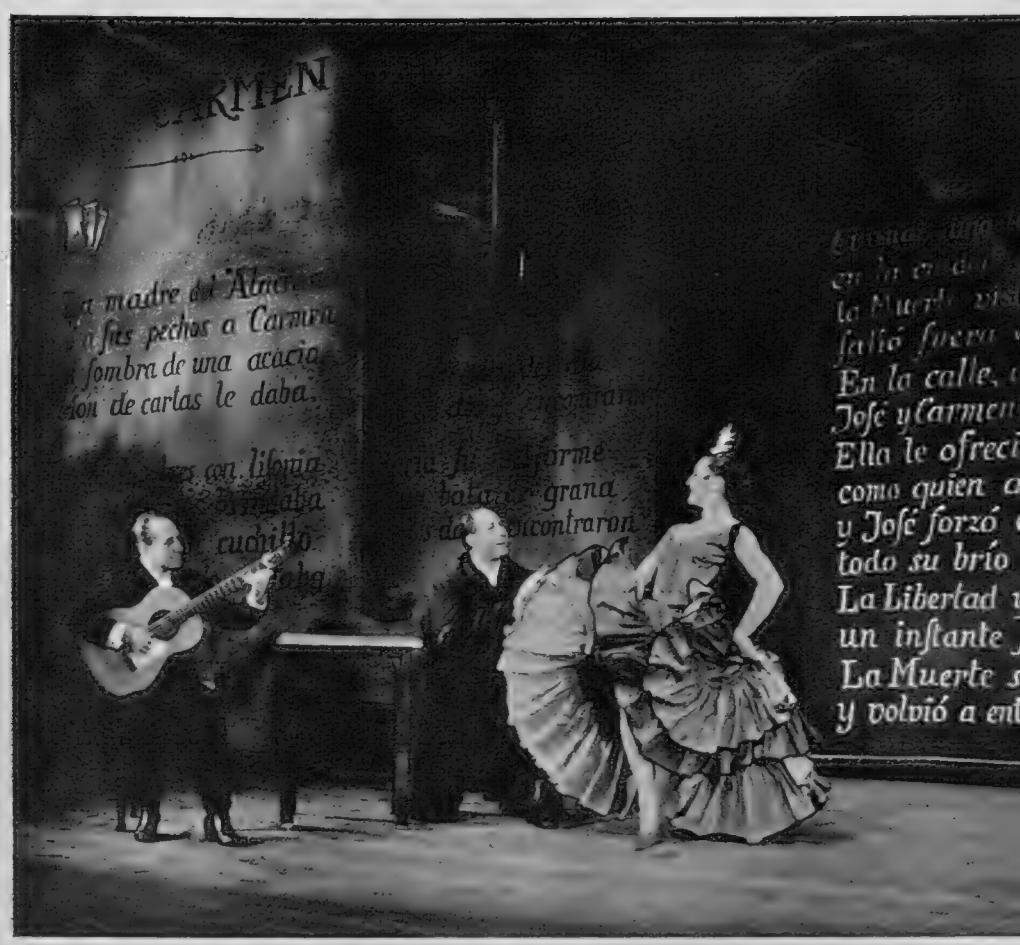
THE REAL ANNE BRONTË

Rehabilitating the Youngest Sister

UNTIL recently the accepted picture of Anne Brontë has been of a gentle, submissive young lady who was but a pale shadow of her more dominant sisters, both in respect of personality and literary attainments. Numerous writers had propounded this view. Yet to-day it seems she is becoming a literary fashion. The latest book about her is ANNE BRONTE (Nelson. 30s.), by Winifred Gérin. The author has made an intensive study of the three sisters and their brilliant but ill-starred brother Bramwell; her research enables her, she declares, to put right many inaccuracies and misrepresentations. It is hard to believe that contemporary reviewers accused dear, gentle Anne of coarseness, brutality and morbid revelling in scenes of debauchery, but such was the case when her second novel, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, was introduced to the public, enjoying to begin with a greater vogue than sister Emily's *Wuthering Heights*. Miss Gérin's biography does not, of course, concentrate solely upon Anne. This would be impossible in such a literary kinship as that which existed at Haworth, but at every turn she does reveal Anne as a woman of great depth of character; she was, in fact, something of a heroine, bent upon assisting her brother and serving his best interests, never scorning his weakness or herself succumbing to the temptation of self-pity. Charlotte speaks the last words in Miss Gérin's biography. Writing of Emily and Anne she declares: "These two have left in their memories a noble legacy. Were I quite solitary in the world—bereft even of Papa—there is something in the past I can love intensely and honour deeply—and it is something that cannot change—which cannot decay—which immortality guarantees from corruption."

Guy Batham grew up in the small Central Queensland town of Ukalunda, with the usual corrugated roofed hotel, store, a few shops and little else besides. He decided that milking cows and riding horses on the range were dull occupations, and so began his long series of adventures in Pacific waters, and particularly round Australian shores. So far there is nothing very surprising in such a pattern, but the character of Mr. Batham's adventuring and the excellence of his writing about his adventures mark him out in no uncertain manner. His book, DRIFTING AROUND THE SOUTH SEAS (Robert Hale. 18s.), has more than one adventurous climax, but Mr. Batham's account of life among the pearl-diving community of Northern Australia is only matched by his story of the hunt for the buried treasure of the *Shalimar*. When Mr. Batham, enriched in pocket and in spirit, returns to Sydney and holy matrimony we sigh for his romantic past.

MEXICO: THREE-STOREYED LAND (Hutchinson. 30s.), is the work of A. t'Serstevens, who tells us that Mexico offers us almost as many faces as there are temperaments to enjoy them, and like its foster-mother Spain, evokes both violence and passion. With that promising beginning this objective observer, with a camera and much skill in its use, attempts with remarkable success to portray a land which seems to him to exist in triple layers, three climatic zones at three



THE ATMOSPHERE OF SPAIN: Susana dances to the accompaniment of guitar and hand-clapping in *Carmen and Don Jose*. *Left*—The two dancers are seen in an exciting moment from the same work, which had its London premiere in the present season. Presented in the form of an old Spanish ballad, the ballet retells Mérimée's story, on which Bizet based his opera *Carmen*. Since they appeared at Sadler's Wells last year, Susana and Jose have been on tour in Scandinavia, Italy and Austria.

DANCE AND COMEDY

(*Continued from previous page*)

volume that one enjoys so much that one can't think how one's reading life went on without it. For Lardner was one of the greatest of American humorists, a columnist, sports reporter (especially baseball), and writer of short stories *par excellence*. His view of his own work was cynical, not to say contemptuous, but such literary pundits as Virginia Woolf and H. L. Mencken thought otherwise, and so did his boon drinking companion, Scott Fitzgerald. Incidentally, it was during their close friendship in the '20's that Lardner read the proofs of Fitzgerald's little masterpiece, *The Great Gatsby*, and made some corrections to the English.

If you have never yet read a story of Ring Lardner's I envy you this introduction to them, and if they are familiar tales, you will have a fine time re-reading them. Mr. Alan Ross has given the book an admirable introduction with a brief biographical sketch, and the whole thing is high on the recommended list.

Vernon Fane

altitudes, three civilisations (Aztec and Maya, Spanish colonial, modern American) and three races (Indian, half-caste, Spanish). This is a most excellent piece of work, full of imagination for the general reader, and with a host of hard facts.

THE SHOW JUMPING YEAR (Cassell. 30s.) is a review of this particular branch of sport in 1958 with no less an expert than Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn writing the international commentary, and Rex Coleman providing the photography. Like the 1957 edition, this will be welcomed by all horse-lovers.

In 1922, when the Government decided to allow the transmission of a programme of entertainment over the air for half an hour each week, a new era in show business was ushered in, withal modestly and haltingly. In MY STORY OF THE B.B.C. (Odhams. 21s.) Freddy Grisewood, a pioneer of the early days and a firmer favourite than ever to-day, describes the rise of the British Broadcasting Corporation from those first experiments of 2LO. Most enthralling of all is Mr. Grisewood's portrayal of the planning behind the scenes in making the programmes; he has a host of good tales to tell and, needless to say, tells them very well.

FROM APE TO ANGEL (Methuen. 36s.) is described as an informal history of social anthropology. The author is H. R. Hays, an American novelist who has been studying primitive societies for over two decades, and his wide reading and research have culminated in this most readable book, touching so illuminatingly upon man's knowledge of man.

R. C. E.

"THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY": At the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, are, from the left—Katharine Dougherty (Coral Browne); Mackenzie Savage (Barry Jones); Jessica Poole (Judith Stott) and Jim Dougherty (David Langton). The comedy, which has had great success in New York, is by Samuel Taylor with Cornelia Otis Skinner. The scene is the Doughertys' home in San Francisco—a pleasant if unexciting establishment. Jessica Poole, Katharine Dougherty's daughter by her first marriage, is about to marry a nice, steady young rancher, Roger Henderson (Robin Hunter). Enter an unexpected guest for the wedding, Biddeford "Pogo" Poole (Nigel Patrick), an ageing playboy. Jessica has seen little of her father since his divorce from her mother but she has read plenty about him in the newspapers. Soon she is dazzled by his manner and his experience and is transformed into his hero-worshipper, at the expense of the unfortunate Roger. Katharine Dougherty tries to put things right but finds herself falling again under the charm of her former husband. Such are the ingredients of the play, which has been well received by the critics.

POTENTIAL SON-IN-LAW: Roger Henderson (Robin Hunter) is the young rancher engaged to Jessica. The arrival of Poole disrupts their lives.

On left—

THE UNWELCOME GUEST: Katharine Dougherty tells Biddeford Poole (Nigel Patrick) that he must leave after Jessica's wedding. "Pogo" has suffered an accident arranged by Roger, Jessica's fiancé, when he visited the ranch.

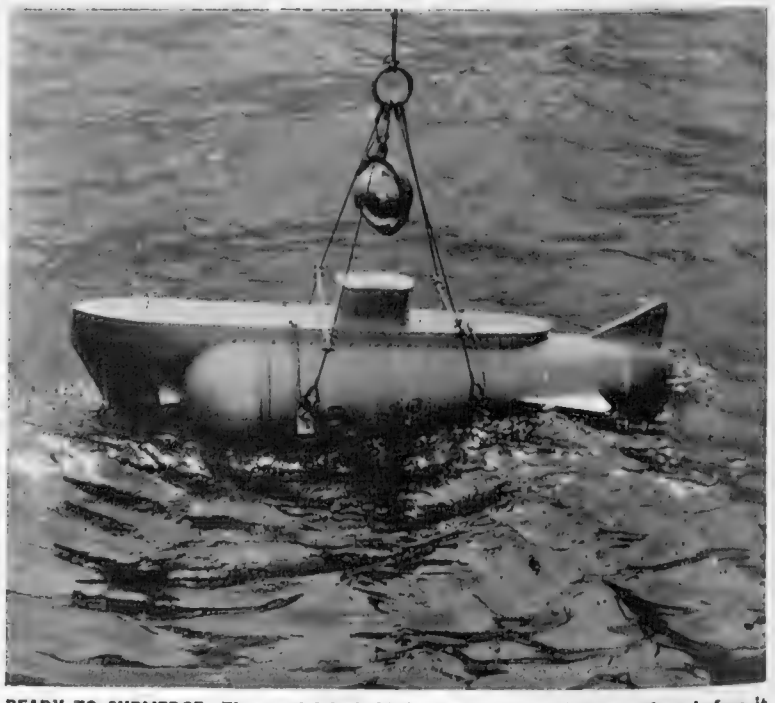
IN DEEP WATER

Experiments With a Model Submarine in Italy

TESTS ON A MODEL FOR A DEEP-DIVING SUBMARINE IN LAKE COMO: Nicola Grienti (pointing in dark suit to right of model) explains some of the points of his invention before carrying out trials with it in the north Italian lake. The model is designed as a first stage in the development of deeper-than-ever submarines. Signor Grienti claims that his principles of stabilisation devices in the hull would enable such vessels to reach very great depths and still keep ability to manœuvre freely. The model, which is made of thin sheet metal, was reportedly sent down some 1,100 ft. in the water and carried out a number of tests successfully. It is understood that Signor Grienti is planning to build a larger model as the next stage in his experiments which he hopes will eventually lead to the construction of a full-size submarine to set up world records for diving in under-water ships. During the war submarines rarely went more than a maximum of 500 ft. below surface. Present-day nuclear vessels are undoubtedly capable of going considerably deeper.

THE LAUNCHING PROCESS: The submarine is held out on a cable over Lake Como from the quay. Weights are attached to the keel to carry it down. In the globe above the conning-tower of the craft is a gauge for recording depth. The model is 4 ft. long. The hull is designed to permit freedom of movement at great depth. This was accomplished by the model on its trials.

INTO THE WATER: The weights pull the model down into Lake Como. Signor Grienti claims that his design has established the principles on which a submarine could be built to sail at 3,000 ft. below surface. This would be a great advance on depths being reached to-day.



READY TO SUBMERGE: The model is held for a moment on the surface before it is let down. According to some reports it descended to the bottom of the lake. Signor Grienti will make a larger model from stronger materials.

AIRLINERS AND HELICOPTERS

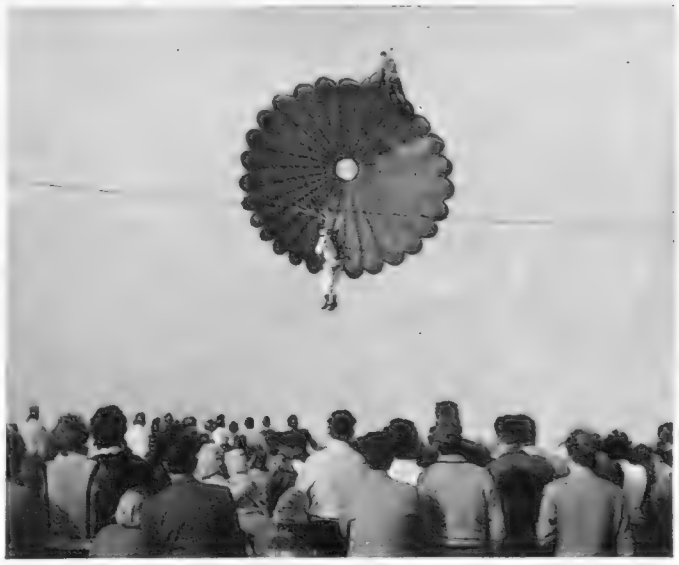
A New British Aircraft ; London–Moscow Service; A Rescue and an Amphibian

"BREAD-AND-BUTTER" AIRLINER: The artist's impression is of the Avro 748 short-medium-range turbo-prop airliner. It has been designed with a view to capturing for Britain more of the world's "bread-and-butter traffic" in passengers and freight. A maximum of forty passengers will be carried in the aircraft powered by two Rolls Royce Dart propeller-jet engines. The Avro 748 is a private venture of the Hawker Siddeley Aviation Group and is due to fly early next year.

PROVING FLIGHT ON THE LONDON–MOSCOW AIR SERVICE: A Russian TU.104 airliner comes into London Airport. It was bringing Aeroflot officials for discussions with B.E.A. on the London–Moscow service. The first B.E.A. bi-weekly flight was due to be made last Thursday (May 14). Aeroflot should start to-day (May 16). Possible objections in London to noise from the TU. will be reviewed in a few weeks.

AN AMPHIBIOUS HELICOPTER AIRLINER: A display model of the Sikorsky S–61 is seen at Stratford, Connecticut, at the headquarters of the Sikorsky Aircraft Division of the United Aircraft Corporation. It is being brought to Europe for the Paris Air Show next month. The helicopter will be capable of carrying twenty-five passengers and the hull will allow operation from land or water. The passenger door opens downwards into a stairway which does not require a ramp. Powered by three General Electric T–58–6 gas turbine engines, the S–61 should have a speed of over 150 m.p.h. Its first flight is scheduled for early next year.

A NOVEL RESCUE OPERATION: His parachute billowing below him, Heinz Krebbels, a German parachutist, is caught in electric power lines above a railway. Underneath the crowd watches, unable to help him. An airman is being lowered from the hovering helicopter to try to free the helpless parachutist. Krebbels was taking part in an air display at Skovlunde, in Denmark, west of Copenhagen.



TWO MEN SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR: The rescuer holds the parachute and the helicopter pulls him up so that the entangled strands of the parachute are released. The spectators watch intently.

GAINING SAFETY: With the extra length of strands released by the rescuer from the helicopter, the parachutist is dropping to the ground. Some of the crowd of spectators help him to land.

IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS: During the journey by aerial railway up to the top of the Wallstein Mountain, the passengers can look out of the small cable cars to see spread out below the land around Lake Tegernsee, dotted with trees and small buildings. Round the lake in Southern Bavaria are situated Bad Weissee, Rottach-Egern and Tegernsee itself.

AERIAL RAILWAY IN BAVARIA

Fine Views of Lake Tegernsee During the Journey

Overlooking Lake Tegernsee, high up in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps, close to the Austrian border, is the Wallstein Mountain, nearly 6,000 ft. high. The area has many resorts favoured in winter by ski-ing enthusiasts, who make use of the facilities offered by ski-ing centres and schools in the area, and the aerial railway which runs up the mountain. In summer many visitors come to enjoy the picturesque charm of the resorts on the shores of the lake, Bad Weissee, Rottach-Egern and Tegernsee, and to bathe in the waters of the Tegernsee.

During the extensive building programmes undertaken in West Germany after the war, one of the projects completed was an aerial railway running up to the top of the Wallstein. There is a path up the mountain and a determined walker can manage the journey in some three hours. With the advent of the aerial railway, the one-way journey takes about fifteen minutes, and many more tourists have visited the small hotel and restaurant on top of the mountain. From the summit it is possible to look out over the scattered houses hidden in the pine woods on the lake shore and over the mountains towards the Austrian border. On a clear day it is possible to see the Grossglockner, Austria's highest mountain, which is some 70 miles away.

The town of Tegernsee possesses considerable historical appeal; the Benedictine monastery founded 1,200 years ago is one of the oldest centres of civilisation in Germany.

BY CABLE CAR: Each of the small cabin holds four people on the journey up and down the Wallstein Mountain, which is 5,649 ft. high. At the top is a small hotel from which a panoramic view of the lake can be obtained. In winter, the aerial railway is much used by ski-ing enthusiasts, and in summer by tourists and walkers.

On left—
AT THE TOP: While enjoying coffee at the hotel on the Wallstein summit, visitors can look out over the surrounding mountains. On a fine day it is possible to see the Grossglockner, Austria's highest mountain, 70 miles away.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE AERIAL RAILWAY: The cables end at the valley station of the Wallberg aerial railway. *Left*—An empty car passes on the way up as the passengers glide down to the bottom of the railway. Background are the pine-covered slopes of the Bavarian Alps.

Rickshaw in Regent Street

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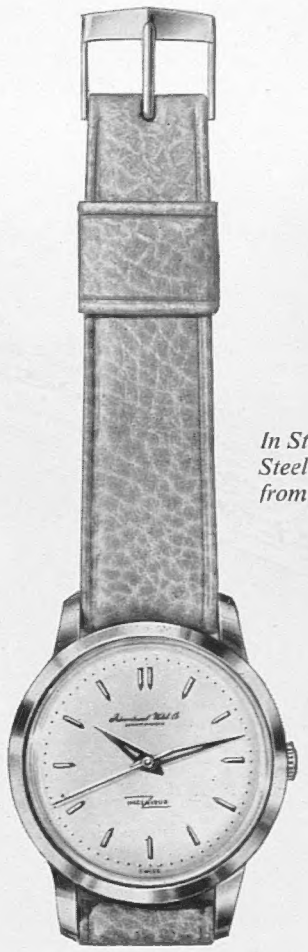

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DOUBLE WHITE LINES

New Regulations for Greater Road Safety; Parking in Toronto; the Armstrong Siddeley Star Sapphire; the Mobilgas Economy Run

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

DOUBLE white lines on many stretches of trunk road in Britain may this Whitsun form a pathway to greater road safety. Regulations, made under the Road Traffic Acts by Britain's Minister of Transport and the Secretary of State for Scotland, gave double white lines the force of law on and after last Tuesday. The new rules are as follows: (1) Where the line on your side of the road is solid or continuous, you must keep to the left of the line. You must not cross or straddle it except to reach premises or a side road. (2) Where the line on your side is dotted, you can cross it and the solid line alongside it, but it does not mean that it is safe to overtake. It is still necessary to take special care. (3) Where there is a double line you must not park any vehicle except a pedal cycle.

All reasonable-minded motorists will welcome these new rules. Their main criticism will be that they have been so long coming. It is some time since selected stretches of British roads were experimentally marked with double white lines. I regret to say that many motorists have chosen to ignore their intention. I cannot help thinking that the long delay in making observance of the double white lines compulsory was both unnecessary and unwise. There was surely no doubt in anyone's mind that double white lines can make an important contribution to road safety. The average motorist is not so much of a moron that he needed years to get used to the idea of the double lines. After all, many British motorists have spent car holidays on the Continent and are familiar with the system. Some have bought their experience dearly. Be that as it may, I think the Ministry of Transport would have been wise to make observance of the double lines in Britain compulsory without such a long period of apprenticeship. Breaches of the new regulations can be punished by fines of up to £20 for the first offence and I for one shall refuse to waste any sympathy on anyone fined for running foul of the new rules.

Following my recent article on parking problems I have received an interesting letter from Mr. Robert Bundy, general manager of the Parking Authority of Toronto. He writes:

Our Parking Authority was established by an Act of the Toronto Legislature in 1952. It began operations in 1953 and by the end of 1958 it had 7,800 off-street parking spaces in thirty-six surface lots, two mechanical garages, one above-ground ramp-type garage and one underground garage. Plans for this year include a 1,000-car extension to the underground garage, a new 650-car ramp garage with an office building on the roof and three more surface lots which will bring the off-street parking spaces to a total of approximately 9,800.

Our programme has not been concentrated entirely on the down-town central district as in most large cities. We have established a considerable number of neighbourhood shopping parking lots in areas where land and business values were rapidly falling because of the competition received from huge suburban shopping centres providing acres and acres of free parking. We are presently commencing a project to establish parking lots in crowded residential areas so that it will be physically possible to keep the streets clear of over-night parking.

Brochures which accompanied Mr. Bundy's letter show that in 1957 some 3,824,000 motorists used his municipal parking facilities at parking charges ranging from about 9d. to 1s. 10d. an hour. At these reasonable rates the Toronto municipal car parks operated on a self-sustaining basis without charge on the general taxpayer. Many merchants and professional offices give free parking stamps—redeemed on nearby municipal car parks—to their customers.

At London's Savoy Hotel the other night a party was given by the Institute of Advanced Motorists to celebrate the enrolment of its 10,000th member. Importance was added to the occasion by the presence of Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, who, in a short congratulatory speech, praised the work of the Institute in trying to encourage motorists to take extra pride in their driving. "Be a Better Driver," which is the theme of the Minister's new road safety campaign, could well be the Institute's own slogan. Among the guests was Mrs. Daphne Chard, its 10,000th member, to whom Mr. Watkinson presented her certificate and badge. Since its formation in 1956 the Institute, in spite of the Suez crisis, has conducted 16,000 tests under Mr. George Eyles, its Director of Tests.

A HIGH-PERFORMANCE LUXURY SALOON: The Armstrong Siddeley Star Sapphire has a 3,990 c.c. engine, automatic transmission, disc front brakes and power steering. The car seats six comfortably. There are separate built-in systems of ventilation and heat for the front and rear compartments, including de-misting of the rear window.

One of my most enjoyable motoring experiences so far this year has been a long drive, from London to Lancashire and back, in the Armstrong Siddeley Star Sapphire. Here is a car in which you really can cruise at high speed in safety and get to your journey's end feeling on top of the world. It is a big and a very comfortable car. It would not, possibly, take first prize in a *Concours d'Elégance*, at which the judges were predisposed towards the sharp-edged Italian line. Harsh critics might say the Star Sapphire looks a little old-fashioned and that passengers in the rear seat have a feeling of being seated rather high up off the road. Other motorists give full marks to the designers of the Sapphire for having the courage to retain for this Armstrong Siddeley model a homely look which accords well with the traditional dignity of the *marque*.

The powerful 4-litre, 6-cylinder in-line engine takes the car up to 100 miles an hour quickly and effortlessly. It is a commendably quiet unit until you get to the top end of the speed range. Disc brakes on the front wheels inspire a feeling of great confidence during spells of fast cruising, and the nicely-balanced powered steering has the feel normally associated with a much smaller car. It would be difficult to think of this six-seat saloon in terms of a manually-controlled gear-box. The Borg-Warner automatic transmission is of a piece with the car, being admirably suited to the Star Sapphire's big and flexible engine. There is a device for holding on to middle gear when the driver so desires. This, I think, is a most desirable feature of any automatic gear-box. There are times when the most automatic-minded motorist wishes to get the benefit of engine braking; and others when he wants to prevent the gear-box from changing into top gear for other reasons. Such an occasion is when the car is climbing a fairly steep, winding hill. The "intermediate hold" used by the Star Sapphire goes one better than any I had used previously. You can, within limits, select the speed below which you do not wish the gear-box to change into top. It is controlled through a neat quadrant on the facia calibrated in miles an hour. Basic price of this impressive car is £1,763. Even at the new, lower rate, purchase tax adds £735 14s. to the cost, making a total of £2,498 14s.

If I gave you a 2.6-litre Austin A.105 and asked you to drive it for 1,065 miles, what sort of petrol consumption would you expect? You would count yourself fortunate, I should say, if you got a figure of 30 m.p.g. Yet it was in such a car that Mr. George Kendrick, of Portsmouth, won the recent Mobilgas Economy Run with a petrol mileage figure of 38.78 to the gallon. He had the advantage of a Borg-Warner overdrive, but no one could get such frugal carburation without the most meticulous preparation and the most careful driving. Kendrick has won this Mobilgas Economy Run three times in five years. Other class winners in this useful event, organised by the Hants and Berks Motor Club, were: Standard Pennant, 57.8 m.p.g.; Wolseley 1500, 52.18 m.p.g.; Standard Ensign, 41.5 m.p.g. It makes you think . . .

A disgruntled woman motorist at Scunthorpe, Lincs, has started a Guild of Lady Drivers. She runs a hair-dressing business and is the wife of Mr. Charles Thompson, a forty-two-year-old engineer who is acting as Hon. Sec. of the Guild. Qualification for membership is a clean licence for three years, though less experienced drivers are accepted as probationers. Objects of the Guild are to uphold the influence of women motorists in general and to get more recognition and prestige for them. "Men have been sneering at women drivers too long," says Mrs. Thompson. She says, rather needlessly, I thought, that they are not out to compete with the A.A. and R.A.C. Founder members include Lady Isobel Barnett, Pat Moss and Ann Wisdom.

The Royal Fine Art Commission has complained that in the past the Ministry of Transport has not sought the advice of landscape experts as intelligently as it should have done in planning Britain's new motor roads. The Commission says it welcomed the Minister's decision in 1955 to appoint a special committee to advise him on the landscape treatment of trunk roads in England and Wales. But the Commission adds: "Unfortunately this committee was not appointed in time to advise from the beginning on the first section of the London-Yorkshire motorway. Here the care with which the technical engineering aspects of the project have been studied has not been matched by similar care in relating the road to the landscape through which it passes." The Commission says it hopes that in future the committee will be consulted at the earliest possible stage and that steps will be taken, with their advice, to ensure specialist collaboration from the outset on individual projects. Most reasonable people will agree with this plea, but the Commission should in turn take fully into account the many problems which confront the road-planners. I may not be qualified to judge, but when I flew along the London-Birmingham motor road in a helicopter I was struck by the stark beauty of the twin-track road as it winds through countryside of great charm.

THE 1959 MOBILGAS ECONOMY RUN: Mr. H. G. W. Kendrick (right) and his co-driver, Mr. J. M. Bloodworth, hold their trophies after being declared outright winners and winners of Class IV of the run. Their Austin A.105 covered the 1,065-mile journey with a fuel consumption of 38.78 miles per gallon. This was the third time in five years that Mr. Kendrick had won the event.

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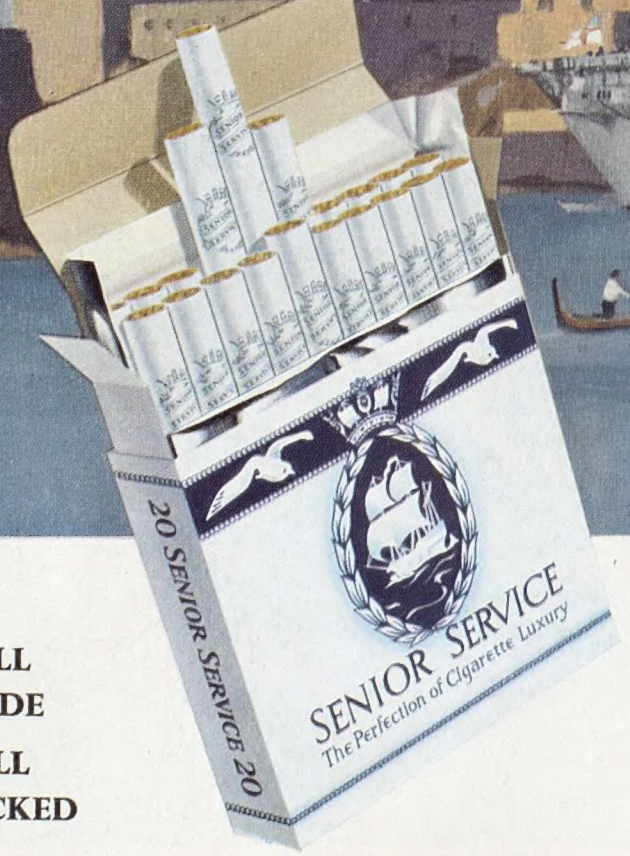

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